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Bryan MacMahon, author of "The Lion-Tamer." *(See page 10)*

It's Murder

By FREDERIC WERTHAM, M.D.

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Sometimes women have to carry the banners

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February 5, 1949

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CARLYLE wrote in *Sartor Resartus:* 'Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things: especially biography of distinguished individuals.' And in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* he wrote: 'The history of the world is but the biography of great men.' Whether or not you subscribe to the 'great man' interpretation of history, certainly there is a fascination in traveling to the Hebrides with Johnson and Boswell, visiting Abyssinia with Rimbaud, staying at Oxford for a while with Cardinal Newman and Dr. Bloxam. Oxford is proud to add to its long list of biographies of men from Coriolanus to John Maynard Keynes a fine new study:

WILLIAM TEMPLE

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

His Life and Letters

By F. A. IREMONGER

Son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, Oxford undergraduate and don, Headmaster of Repton, Bishop of Manchester, Archbishop of York, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury—all these were roles that William Temple played in his full and varied life. His widespread interests during his life-long connection with the church of England make his biography a human, personal account of major and minor ecclesiastical events of the last half century.

William Temple's forthright and entertaining correspondence is here quoted by Dr. Iremonger to give an ideal first-hand report on Temple's beliefs and activities. Dr. Iremonger, the Dean of Lichfield, is especially well qualified to write this biography. He was associated with William Temple in the 'Life and Liberty' Movement in 1917-19 and later was his honorary chaplain when Temple became Archbishop of York; as Director of Religious Broadcasting in Britain from 1933-39 the author was well placed to observe the Archbishop's leadership in British life during those critical years.

'A fine full length portrait.'—*Time*

'Through these luminous pages William Temple will speak again to a world in sore need of his guidance. It is a masterly biography and a noble tribute.'—*The Observer* $6 50

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST DIRECT rail route from Chicago to Lansing, capital of Michigan, is the Canadian National. I hope for the directors' sake that I made the trip on an off-day. There were only two other passengers in the car. One of them was reading "Shake Well Before Using"—and he was carried off the train at Battle Creek. Although he assured me earnestly that there was no connection in these two circumstances, I was still brooding when we puffed into Lansing. The Curtis Company's Charlie MacKenzie, briefed by that inveterate prankster, Ray McClarty, cheered me by calling for me at the station in a car marked "official" with a siren and a huge streamer reading, "Welcome to Bennett Cerf." A motorcycle cop read the sign with deep interest and commented, "Don't you boys let me catch you sounding that siren!"

THE BOOK BUSINESS OF LANSING is divided among Emery Pratt, the J. W. Knapp Company, and Chester Ellison. The Wylies take care of the Michigan State trade in their Campus Book Store in East Lansing. Talk about strange hobbies: Chester Ellison has collected all the manuscripts of the late James Oliver Curwood, not to mention his library and pictures. He also has hundreds of old Curwood titles in stock. If that is what any *SRL* readers crave, Ellison's address is 101 E. Washtenaw Street. Incidentally, his shop is most attractive, with the authentic bookish atmosphere. . . . I dined with Dean Crowe of Michigan State and Albert Applegate, head of the School of Journalism. Then I addressed several thousand students—as alert and friendly an audience as ever I encountered. Michigan State was about to be admitted to the Big Ten, and everybody was in fine fettle. . . .

LATER, I MET Charles Gabel and Arn Bransdorfer, high-powered editors of State's first-rate magazine, the *Spartan*; Dick Spong, whose first novel is ticketed for the William Sloane list; and the new ex-Governor of Michigan, Kim Sigler. Outwardly Kim took with good grace his defeat by G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, but the boys told me he really was boiling about it. "Here am I," he was quoted as mourning, "who began as a penniless lad on the wrong side of the tracks, and there is Williams, who will inherit millions some day. And yet because I campaigned in a two-seater plane to cover as much territory as possible, and Williams gallivanted about in a jalopy that just about held together, a lot of voters evidently concluded that *he* was the man of the people, and *I* the bloated representative of vested interests." . . . Politicians seem to have almost as many troubles as publishers! . . .

IN DETROIT, MY FIRST DATE was with Malcolm Bingay, peppery editorial director of the *Free Press* and conductor of its famous "Good Morning" column. Bingay's new book, "Of Me I Sing," is scheduled for late spring publication by Bobbs-Merrill, and he hopes it will duplicate the success of his first best seller, "Detroit Is My Home Town." . . . In the latter volume, Bingay told how he created the nationally known character of "Iffy the Dopester." In 1934, when Detroit was in the grip of the depression, Mickey Cochrane and his scrappy baseball team revived the city's spirits by capturing the American League championship. The fight down the stretch with the New York Yankees had everybody in town computing averages: "*if* the Yanks lose today and the Tigers win"; "*if* both teams divide their double headers"; etc. Bingay, who hadn't seen a ball game for fourteen seasons, but had been a sports editor in the days of the great Ty Cobb, pounded out a column burlesquing the hysterical outpourings and computations of his associates. It was such nonsense that he wouldn't sign his name to it—so the by-line read, "Iffy the Dopester." To his amazement, the town took it seriously, and cried for more. Bingay gave it to them. Iffy clubs sprang up all over Michigan. The *Free Press* handed out a half million Iffy buttons. A superstition grew that if the Tigers lost it was because some dastardly fan had failed to wear his Iffy button. . . . For months the identity of "Iffy the Dopester" remained a closely guarded secret; when *The Saturday Evening Post* finally told that "Iffy" was Malcolm Bingay, *Free Press* readers demanded the continuance of the feature. "Iffy" is still in there, commenting caustically on the passing parade. . . .

"DETROIT IS MY HOME TOWN" includes fine stories about many other oddly-assorted men who became famous there: Henry Ford, William Durant, James Couzzens, Walter Chrysler, Walter Briggs, Ty Cobb, Germany Schaefer, Judge Woodward, Eddie Guest,

"Miss Burke—can't you find *something* for me to do?"

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Clarence Budington Kelland, Jimmy Doolittle, Eddie Rickenbacker, Charles Lindbergh, Gene Buck, etc. . . . Example: John Kelsey, one of the automobile industry's pioneers, was at the Waldorf in New York to close a deal with Kuhn, Loeb. Otto Kahn found him stripped to the waist, washing his undershirt in the bathroom tub. "Here's your check," said Kahn. "Put it on the shelf," said Kelsey without missing a rub. The check was for two million dollars. . . . Bud Kelland's father, Tom, says Bingay, could think even faster than his son. His train was wrecked in Georgia one day, and the passengers had to eat at a farmhouse. The old fellow who ran the place was a religious crank, and insisted that before anybody could eat he first would have to recite a verse from the Bible. Most of the famished passengers managed to stagger through some quotation. The man next to Tom Kelland got away with the shortest verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept." Tom Kelland arose, bowed his head, murmured reverently, "He sure did"—and reached for the ham and eggs. . . . Bud grudgingly introduced a Democrat at a Detroit banquet and said, "He has promised to limit his speech to three minutes." The Democrat finished in two minutes flat. "Gentlemen," admitted Bud, "this was one Democrat who actually kept his promise. It only sounded long." . . . Bingay met Jimmy Doolittle, then a major in the Air Reserve Corps, just before Pearl Harbor. "I'm sure they're going to tell me I'm too old for the war that's coming," grumbled Doolittle. "They'll keep me here to teach. I'm forty-five and I suppose that's all they consider me good for." The next time Bingay saw Jimmy's name was in the Associated Press flash, "Doolittle bombs Tokyo!" . . . As you may have gathered, I enjoyed reading "Detroit Is My Home Town." . . .

I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND Peter Novelli in charge of all the Doubleday book shops in Detroit. He was moved up from New Orleans. Pete has become one of George Hecht's most dependable trouble-shooters. . . . At a luncheon arranged by Mary Welch, in the executive chambers of the J. L. Hudson Company, I had the pleasure of meeting Reilly Bird, the store's new advertising manager, Clyde Beck of the *News*, Harriet Harwood, Barbara Brooks, and Philip Slomowitz of the *Jewish Daily News*. . . . Hudson's, one of the five biggest department stores in America, is owned privately by one family—the Webers. Four brothers run the show. On the side, they control the Hudson Motor Car Company. With one thing and another, their income is said to be adequate. . . . The expert Fran Harris, at radio station WWJ, polished off an interview with me in ten minutes flat, and a genial official of the Book Cadillac Hotel assured me that it was indeed here that an inebriated guest, with a toothy blonde at his side, had signed the register, "Yankee Doodle and Fife." . . .

RIDING HOME ABOARD THE DETROITER, after delivering eight lectures in seven days, I was in just the right mood to enjoy "It Gives Me Great Pleasure," Emily Kimbrough's warm-hearted and jolly account of her own lecturing experiences (published by Dodd, Mead). As for the Helen Hokinson drawings —I met the ladies she depicts in every city I visited! . . . I particularly sympathized with Miss Kimbrough's experience in Pittsburgh. Half-way through her talk, she leaned her elbows on the lectern. There was a ripping, crunching sound, and the lectern disintegrated under her. Pieces of kindling wood, studded with nails, went flying into the audience, and Miss Kimbrough narrowly avoided tumbling after them herself. A janitor emerged from the wings, helped Miss Kimbrough to her feet, and glared at the shocked audience. "I told you ladies," he shouted, "to warn your speakers about that lectern. It's got worms in it!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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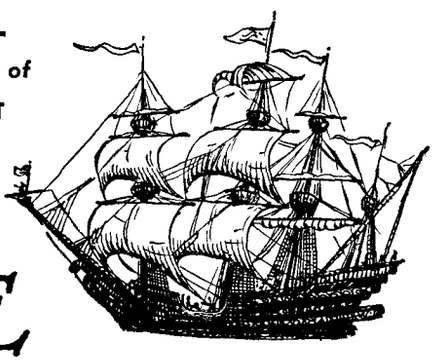

THE GOLDEN COAST

BY PHILIP ROONEY

The history of seafaring in the 17th century offers no mystery so strange as that of the Irish galley *Ouzel* which sailed from Dublin for the Levant, vanished for five years, and returned as mysteriously as she had disappeared.

A novel of love and treachery and murder in the night, of slavery and chains on the Barbary Coast, this book tells the romantic story of Captain Owen Massey, of young Rick Sheridan and of lovely Margaret Reid, an Irish beauty with a baffling secret in her eyes.

The Golden Coast is a colorful, spirited novel and a fitting successor to Rooney's memorable *Captain Boycott.*

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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The Griffin and the Universe and Dr. Einstein

IN HIS traditional role as Guardian of Enlightenment, the Griffin finds himself much impressed by something which Albert Einstein, in the preface of a book just published, observes about the essential element of wisdom, which is knowledge: "Restricting the body of knowledge to a small group," he says, "deadens the philosophical spirit of a people and leads to spiritual poverty."

The difficulty, of course, is that knowledge does tend to become restricted. This is an age in which the number of sciences multiplies with each generation. In each field, the "body of knowledge" not only grows larger but generally becomes cloaked in words so technical that only a small fraction of the people understand what they mean.

And yet today, more than ever, man lives in an age of wonder. As science plumbs the depths of the universe, the length, breadth and height of the wonder grow. Within the space of one lifetime a new perspective of the cosmos has emerged, opened up by the thought and work of many men, but above all, by Albert Einstein.

The Griffin can think of no more important or difficult labor of enlightenment than to tell the story of this revolution in human knowledge about the universes of the infinitely large and the infinitesimally small.

The story of the search to discover what exists, and where, and how, is still almost unknown; only a handful of human beings in each age has engaged in the quest, and their findings and speculations have not concerned the mass of their fellow men. The very vocabulary of words and ideas in this field of cosmology has helped to restrict understanding and acceptance.

A youngish and brilliantly-gifted writer has taken up the challenge of this gap between the knowledge of the few and the understanding by the many. His name is Lincoln Barnett, and he has served the long apprenticeship which is required if a man is to learn to write about difficult matters simply, clearly, excitingly.

In the space of 40,000 words he has accomplished the labor of art required to describe the universe as science now understands it to be. The name of the book is THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN.

On publishing the book, William Sloane Associates discovered what the editors of *Harper's* learned when they printed a shorter version of THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN in their magazine last year and received hundreds of letters of excited praise—from high school students, from housewives, from authors and editors and artists and businessmen, as well as from teachers and scientists.

The first reviews show a reading excitement that is inspired only by a work of literature. For instance, Gerald Wendt in the N. Y. Herald Tribune said: "THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN sets a new standard in science writing and is, I think, the first American book that can be compared in maturity, clarity and grace with the distinguished and influential works of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington."

Louis Untermeyer says: "It is not only thoughtful but thought-compelling. It is exactly the sort of book needed by the non-mathematical, non-technical but inquiring mind."

There is an immensity of riches in THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN *and the Griffin congratulates the people who, by way of reading it, are about to embark on one of the most stimulating intellectual adventures of our time.*

THE UNIVERSE
AND DR. EINSTEIN

by Lincoln Barnett • Foreword by Albert Einstein • Illustrated with photographs and line drawings by Anthony Sodaro

Published by
WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES
At all bookstores, $2.50

About the Griffin

• *Some three years ago the then new publishing house of William Sloane Associates persuaded the Griffin, a distinguished figure with a long and honorable history, to lend his wise and decorative presence to the scene of their operations. He is known in legend as a Guardian of Enlightenment, and is frequently represented guarding the Vase of Wisdom. A creature of such propensities was an obvious emblem for those human guardians of wisdom, the early printer-publishers.*

In choosing the Griffin as their trademark—and spokesman—William Sloane Associates realize that they have set themselves a high standard, for there never was a time when clear, assimilable, useful knowledge about the countless facets of the world was more needed, and books are the most basic and lasting medium of communication in any culture. They are, as well, more than vehicles for information and ideas. They become a part of the very substance of the people who read them; their power is in part to extend the memory, the imagination, and the experience of the reader beyond the physical limits of his own life. This is a magic not lightly to be invoked, and the Griffin regards his task as mentor for WSA with a high seriousness.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: When *SRL* published Dr. Frederic Wertham's "The Comics . . . Very Funny!" in its issue of May 29 it set off a chain-reaction that is still in motion. Today, eight months later, letters offering help in combatting the comic-book menace continue to pour into the offices of *SRL* and Dr. Wertham. Extracts of the article have been reprinted in scores of newspapers in the U. S. and Canada. Condensations were printed by *The Reader's Digest* in its domestic and five of its foreign editions. "The Comics . . . Very Funny!" was the first magazine article to be discussed on "The Author Meets the Critic," an NBC radio and television show ordinarily devoted to books.

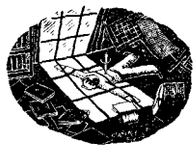
The strongest reaction came from civic and law enforcement groups. At their annual convention the New York State Sheriffs' Association charted action against the offensive comic books. Measures were taken by police of more than fifty cities, including Detroit, Indianapolis, Akron, Albany, and Galesburg, Ill. Parent-teacher associations in Houston, Tex., St. Cloud, Minn., Warrington, Pa., and other cities staged drives.

Dr. Wertham's article stirred the comic-book publishers into taking frantic counter-measures. Their trade group, the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, adopted a code of good practices last July, and, as criticism against their product mounted, issued additional sets of codes and rules. Well-known educators were engaged to "advise" on editorial content.

"The Comics . . . Very Funny!" was the by-product of a larger study on which Dr. Wertham has been engaged for many years. In his work as director of the Lafargue Clinic in Harlem, director of the Readjustment Center of the Quaker Emergency Service, and head of the Psychiatric Service of Queens Hospital, New York City, Dr. Wertham investigated the psychoanalytical and sociological aspects of dozens of murder cases; this inquiry led him to a more fundamental issue—the cause and cure of violence in our civilization. "It's Murder," which *SRL* publishes here, grew out of that investigation, the fruits of which Doubleday & Co. will publish later this spring in a book to be called "The Show of Violence."

It's Murder

FREDERIC WERTHAM, M. D.



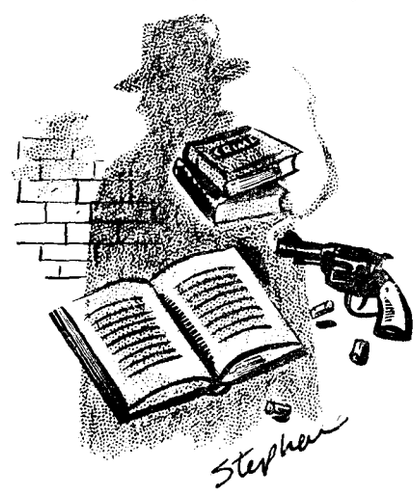
EVERY forty-five minutes a murder is committed in the United States Murder has, indeed, become one of the commoner causes of death, and its fascination, actual or vicarious, holds us in thrall —though this we may not care to admit. As Clarence Darrow said, most men haven't killed anybody but they read obituaries with relish.

Writers in every age have seized upon this predilection. The corpus of world literature from Aeschylus to O'Neill is pregnant with the theme of murder. And for an excellent reason. Murder reveals. It is such a fundamental, such a catastrophic occurrence, that like a searchlight it throws a sudden glare on what just before had appeared as the common gray surface of life. Newspaper readers will avidly seek out the details of a publicized murder case because they learn how other people live. How often Mrs. Lindbergh changed her servants; how the beautiful model Ronnie Gedeon washed her stockings in the bathroom wash bowl before going to bed, not knowing that her murderer was waiting outside the door all the while.

In detective stories murder is but a means to revelation. When reading this particular type of literature you learn about Chinese porcelain, about orchids, about the upper classes and the underworld, about life on an ocean liner or in Mayfair, about modern inventions and sex. A murder story without such settings would be a picture without a frame.

Yet despite its actual frequency and its literary predominance, murder is usually regarded as an exceptional event totally divorced from its context. It is so threatening an occurrence that we would like to isolate it as a thing by itself, and the best way to do that is to isolate it in the depths of an individual's mind. That leaves us free to read the rest of the newspaper in peace.

When we read of murder it strikes us as an almost unbelievable affair. Our instinct for self-preservation makes us so identify ourselves with the victim that—to the normal mind —the actual act of murder is almost unthinkable. Instead of studying the underlying psychological and social facts scientifically, and with objective modern methods, we are apt to regard the murderer as an odd phenomenon acting according to a logic entirely different from our own. There is a fascination in the thought that one must probe into the impenetrable recesses of a murderer's mind for the understanding of his act. People forget that the social circumstances leading to and surrounding murder in our own society are often far more impenetrable.



The public, by fastening on the "deep psychology" of a murder case, works against its own best interest. More often than not, the culprit has already been in the hands of social, legal, medical, or other official agencies. When he commits a murder a whole machinery of reporting, editing, and editorializing goes into high gear to hush up the previous storm signals that may have been ignored, thus neglecting the concurrent responsibility of agencies and officials. The case is played up as another mystery of the soul, and the newspapers treat it à la Krafft-Ebing instead of à la Lincoln Steffens.

Everybody—the newspaper reader, the editor, the juryman—is emotionally involved. Subconsciously recognizing in himself similar impulses, each wants the murderer to be treated like someone apart. He may want the murderer declared totally insane, and so totally different from himself. In that event the transgressor may go completely free with, in addition, what amounts to a hunting license to commit further crimes without pun-

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ishment. Or, on the basis of similar emotional reasoning, the public may wish for revenge and want the man declared sane and ready for the stake.

THE causes of murder are customarily classified in three groups: the psychological, the sociological, and the biological. Such categories represent academic disciplines rather than the facts of life. Actually, the factors are far more complex. Take the case of Mrs. Nicosia, the wife of an unemployed baker, who killed her six children by gas and then inhaled gas herself. Revived from her coma, she was charged with homicide. Some authorities spoke of a mental malady: Mrs. Nicosia, it seems, had a morbid "dread of poverty." Others stressed the sociological aspects. According to them it was all caused by unemployment, cuts in relief, the inadequacy of private and public social agencies. In this case as in countless others the individual and social factors were played up against each other as if they were mutually exclusive opposites. They are not. A poor woman may become a "mental case" from just such overwhelming social causes.

Before Mrs. Nicosia's death in the hospital, where she was kept in the prison ward pending a murder trial, I was given the facts of her case and was asked whether I would be willing to defend her, as a psychiatrist, on the grounds of insanity. I agreed to do so. The details of her case would have made it easy to prove that she did not know right from wrong in a society that evidently did not distinguish too sharply between the two itself. Of course there were other factors: a middle-aged woman with six children, in a state of overwork and malnutrition. Last, but not least, as an Italian Mrs. Nicosia had the misfortune to belong to one of the minorities—a fact which even after her death was held against her and used to explain her tragedy.

There is an idea bolstered up by scientists (who usually have no first-hand knowledge of the subject) that murderers are haunted by feelings of guilt, and that sooner or later they will be driven to self-betrayal or self-punishment. This idea, dear to romantic poets and conservative psychoanalysts alike, represents what society likes to think of itself. For corresponding to the murderer, whom conscious or unconscious remorse impels to seek punishment, there would have to exist a community which placed equal value on the life of all its members. Yet the facts are otherwise. In our society the murderer who is haunted by inexorable remorse and the community which is united in a common, undiscriminating responsibility are both still exceptions. Edmund Pearson, a criminologist who was painstaking about his data, mentions as the most persistent superstition about murder the belief that murderers suffer from remorse and cannot sleep at night.

Feelings of guilt constitute one of the most delicate responses of the

human mind. That is why we find the sense of guilt so often disordered. It may register socially inconsequential facts and fail to register essential ones. Feelings of guilt can be as unpleasant as are feelings of pain in the purely physical sphere. Our defense against them is rationalization, which may be defined as the building of a worthy motive for an unworthy desire. Every murderer tries to justify his deed to himself. To think of the mind of murder solely in terms of aggressive, destructive, violent, or sadistic impulses being braked by inhibition or conscience is to indulge in far too mechanical a concept. In the interplay of mental forces rationalization looms as large as impulse; justification feelings counteract guilt feelings.

The murderer's rationalization, moreover, is never a mere fiction. It symbolizes the ideology of a previous stage of civilization or of a segment of society. The mind of a malefactor may contain at the same time archaic, contemporary, and progressive moral axioms. In that respect it is a replica of the law. The statute books also contain the outdated and the new, side by side.

What about society's sense of guilt? One has only to look over the uncounted number of unsolved murders to realize how lightly they are taken. In the United States sixty per cent of the murderers get away with it. *A murderer commits a perfect crime every two hours*—which is considerably oftener than a golfer makes a hole in one. In Chicago, according to a recent survey, if a man commits murder the chances are two to one that there will be no arrest. Soon after the victim is removed from the coroner's morgue he is forgotten and lingers only in the morgue of the newspapers.

In a human being's lifetime murder is probably the most crucial event that can take place. It reveals the innermost springs of the individual's life and is a profound self-revelation of character. Far more than any other act it requires an enormously strong impulse, an overcoming of resistances, a conquering of inhibitions, and a building-up of rationalizations. It is invaluable for understanding the true texture of human personality. It might truly be said: Tell me what kind of murder you could or would commit, and I shall tell you what kind of man you are.

Just as the murder impulse of the individual has a history which we can trace in his life by psychoanalytic methods, so also the structure of his conscience and of his rationalizations has a historical development, the ramifications of which can be traced in the history of society. Murder not only reveals psychological laws of personality, but also the workings of the society in which it occurs. Again, it might be said: Tell me what murders are committed and what is done about them, and I shall tell you what society you live in.

Great poets and writers have always realized the social significance of stories of murder. That is why Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" is such an important book. In the classical Greek tragedies like those of Orestes, Oedipus, or Medea—which are a little less than history and a little more than legend—it was not only the emotional conflict of the individual that moved the audience, but the social meaning of the whole drama.

THE story of historical periods might be written in terms of their murders. When political murders occur en masse they are a sure indication of political trends. In the years 1919-20, 327 political murders were committed in Germany, 314 by Fascists and thirteen by anti-Fascists. In the Fascist murder cases there were five convictions, no death sentences, and the prison terms added up in all cases combined to thirty-one years in jail, one man (a count) being sentenced to life but permitted to work as an agricultural student on a big estate and completely freed after a few months. In the thirteen anti-Fascist murders there were twenty-two convictions, eight death sentences, and prison terms adding up to 177 years in jail. Thus did justice of this particular era resolve the difficult problem of wrong and right into the simpler question of Left and Right.

Such an extreme example sharpens our perception of the social aspects of murder. No murderer's mind func-

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tions in a vacuum. Every murder is an act in the context of history. It is a question not only of the hidden recesses of an individual's mind, but also of the much more hidden recesses of the social background. However deeply you may penetrate the murderer's mind, you cannot understand the dynamics of a murder case without peering behind the façade of the social scene where it occurs and without taking a look at those who apprehend, judge, punish, and report on the murderer.

Much can be learned concerning the progress of civilization by studying the subject of punishment for murder. A really complete history of infanticide alone would read like a story of the development of culture. In the Middle Ages infanticide was considered a crime more serious than other murders because of the helplessness of the child and the close relationship of murderer to victim. Only at the end of the eighteenth century, in the Era of Enlightenment, did this cruel attitude begin to give way. But even so it was not until the nineteenth century that infanticide was recognized as being other than aggravated murder.

Literary men seldom take a public stand in a murder case. However great may be the negligence, the callousness, the cruelty, or the injustice, writers usually remain silent. James Fenimore Cooper, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Erle Stanley Gardner, and the writers who took up the Sacco-Vanzetti case are exceptions. Two famous authors who expressed themselves on the subject exemplify an interesting change in attitude towards this crime. Goethe, in his official capacity as Privy Counsellor, was patriarchal enough to affirm the death sentence of a young girl convicted of infanticide. The unfortunate mother was executed. Dostoievsky, on the other hand, took it upon himself to intervene in a similar case. He visited the jail to see the young murderess and wrote an article (this was in 1876) with the fitting title: "A Simple but Complicated Affair." As a result, a second trial was arranged. Although the presiding judge instructed the jury to disregard "certain talented writers," the young woman was acquitted of the charge of deliberate homicide.

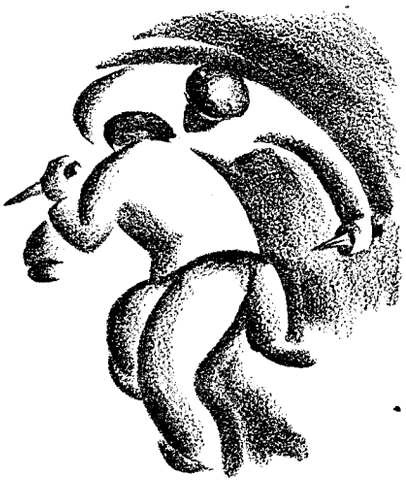
Just as the excesses of punishment that crowd the pages of history are significant social indicators, so also are the cases of punishment of the innocent. The latter are less frequent than pessimists sometimes claim, but not so rare as optimists like to think. Punishment of the innocent is almost invariably due to any of three social

(*Continued on page* 33)

"New Year's Eve"

"Mob"

"Thinking It Over"



"Duel"

"Light and Shadow"

"You Die Alone"

SRL regrets it cannot give proper credit to the artist whose work appears in this panel, although the drawings will probably be recognized by *SRL* readers as those of the prisoner described by Carl Carmer in ". . . the Rest of His Natural Life," *SRL* April 17, 1948, and in Letters to the Editor, Dec. 4, 1948: "Who is to blame for murders such as these? Was Bigger to blame, or was Chicago? . . . Society in such cases commits a most prolonged wrong. It is guilty in the first instance, for it places temptation in the path of those whose maturity is not yet strong enough to enable them to resist, and when the crime is done, it shouts, 'Ah! For this you must pay with your life'."

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Fiction. *Two books reviewed this week are as opposite, in purpose and style, as any that could be conceived, though they are products of our day, and both are collections of short stories. Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Wall and Other Stories" presents his now familar nihilistic conception of a society which shelters the human rats that gnaw at its foundations, the vicious criminals, neurotics, and degenerates on whom are based that strange philosophy known as existentialism. At the opposite pole is "The Lion-Tamer," as obviously the product of Ireland as the other is of France. Bryan MacMahon's stories are taken from a seaside village in Kerry, where the rhythms of the old established ways of a peasantry that lives by the land and the sea are still unshaken by the political ideologies that are shattering the rest of the world. This book is a wholly worthy successor to Sean O'Faolain's "The Man Who Invented Sin."*

True Adams of Irish Earth

THE LION-TAMER. By Bryan MacMahon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949 224 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

ROMANTIC Ireland may, as Yeats would have it, be dead and gone and with O'Leary in the grave. Literary Ireland is none of the three. Her poetry and drama, of less Olympian stature than in Yeats's day, are in a healthy state. Her novelists steadily feed the stream of good fiction and her short-story writers are turning out some of the best tales published in English today.

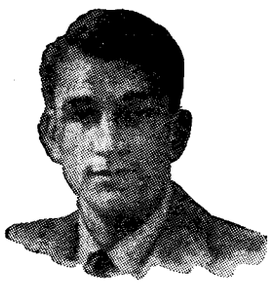
With "The Lion-Tamer" Bryan MacMahon takes immediate place in the top echelon of contemporary Ireland's short-story writers. Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor, and Michael McLaverty must move over at once for the man from Kerry. The newcomer's art is perhaps more self-conscious than theirs, but his fishermen, farmers, and townsfolk—yes, and his evil old mothers-in-law—are true Adams of Irish earth. There is an exhilarating, almost intoxicating, quality to some of his landscapes and a touch of madness to a few of his denouements.

Most of the twenty-two stories in this collection are based on life in a seaside village of Kerry. Mr. MacMahon's is not the tourist's Kerry with its sentimentalized Killarney and the languorous, quasi-tropical southern shore, but a "compact, intimate huddle scooped out of Kerry rawness," undoubtedly on the harsh west coast. Some of his most beguiling characters are residents of Friary Lane, where communal life warms itself at the turf fires of the poor and lowly. Neighbors foregather of an evening to "talk over the many little happenings of the day, piling tiny incident on incident until even such a commonplace thing as a man's crossing from one side of the street to the other could assume an immoderate importance."

This, indeed, is pretty much Mr. MacMahon's way of telling a story. "The End of the World" is a literal example of his method. From such insubstantial beginnings as village tedium and a newspaper clipping, the incidents mount, bolstered by color and vitality of style, and bulwarked by racial humor and the speech rhythms of good Kerry talk, until they spire high up into the dizzy metaphysical blue. I do not soon expect to read a story that can match this for sheer play of innocent roguery.

In giving his Kerrymen their head —comely but hardly the coolest in the land—and not trying overmuch to force them into the mold of conventional fiction, Mr. MacMahon achieves uncommon range and diversity. The title piece, its name incongruous to the Irish scene, is a triumph of picaresque imaginativeness, universal and not Gaelic. "The Man Who Detested Movement" comes off rather well as a psychotic five-finger exercise. "The Good Dead in the Green Hills," noblest story in the book, distils the essence of the Irish spirit. "Chestnut and Jet" takes on brilliance from a passionate Irish sense of the magnificence of life. "The Ring" is a moving study in compassionate memory.

It is a tribute to the charm of Mr. MacMahon's style that when he falls back on an occasional little miracle for the furtherance of his plots, he not only does not outrage the reader but enlists his connivance in the literary sleight of hand. "The Clarinet" is one of the cases in point. In order to get his historic woodwind on the scene of action the author shortens to the vanishing point the canonical dis-



THE AUTHOR: On County Kerry fair days, ringing over the lakes of Killarney above the chaffer of farmers and more resonant than debate in the pubs, can be heard the rollicking lyrics of Bryan MacMahon: "Oh, Puck may be famous and Galway be grand/And the praise of Tremore echo down through the land,/But I'll sing you a ballad and beauty extol,/As I found it long 'go in the Town of Listowel." He has dozens of them, but in penny handbill form that variation of "Erin Go Bragh" was a sell-out among the *seanchuidhes* (sounded out "sén-eh-kees" in English)—the tinkers, hawkers, and ministrels who have kept 2,000 years of Irish lore emerald. Fearing them obsolescent, Mr. MacMahon has been going from thatched cottage to thatched cottage recording their tales—along with his other callings of short-story and radio-script writer, dramatist, poet, bookseller, reviewer, and teacher. In 1947, pressed by duties as master of Listowel's National School and the demands of an active literary life, he gave up MacMahon's Bookshop, a venture which he found "pays sufficiently well to be interesting but not in such plenteous return that my cupidity conquers enthusiasm." He was born in Listowel in 1909 and apparently still likes it there. "Our wonderful back gate," he says, "opened on an exciting world"—the local marketplace. He was educated formally at the town's schools and St. Patrick's College in Dublin—informally, but practicably, among smiths, shoemakers, and saddlers, who helped sharpen in him a certain indigenous rhetoric. With the story "The Good Dead in the Green Hills" he won top honors in 1945 from *The Bell*, Irish literary monthly. It is in "The Lion-Tamer," his first book. He is now writing a novel, and a play is on the Abbey Theatre agenda. Although Frank O'Connor's praise brought his fledgling verse to public attention, he has abandoned poetry, claiming that it has been captured by charlatans. But he'd still like to master the ballad. —R. G.

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tance between coincidence and miracle. But by the time the convenient itinerant has tootled his way into the plot the reader is so deep in the saga of the oul' Independent Band that he would have sanctioned the use of the Angel Gabriel, and he a brass and no E-flat clarinet at all. Anyway, as far as plot is involved, "The Clarinet" is antic hocus-pocus. A faint air of lunacy envelops the nostalgic E-flatters. Or, in deference to accuracy and the afternoon heat, it may be that the whole thing was not lunar, but a matter of Kerry sunstroke.

People, as a matter of fact, and not plots, are this author's main concern. In the convent idyll called "The Corn Was Springing" he says of two engaging old nuns: "A shot in the boundary elms would have startled them; a rat in the partition would have terrified them. But the remoter phenomena of people's emotions they perfectly understood." Because of his own understanding of these phenomena Mr. MacMahon's characters are not Irishmen first but human beings of universal appeal. He is artist enough to let them reveal themselves as much by implication as by what they do and say. This mastery of the psychological lacuna is especially effective in the portrayal of characters such as the sadistic father-in-law in "The Breadmaker" and the sly old rascal of a legal expert in "The Will."

To say that there is poetry of phrase and concept in Mr. MacMahon's writing is redundancy of a sort. Poetry comes as natural to Ireland's storytellers as song to a Neapolitan. It is the same whether the story be oral or written. The poetic in "The Lion-Tamer" is less frequently pitched in the minor key of most contemporary Irish story-telling, freer of the mystical sense of eternity.

Mr. MacMahon's men and women are partial, and racially so, to the amenities of the oblique approach. When they resort to direct address, it is time to beware. There is brutal and shattering rightness to their thrust. "Black Nets" owes its voltage to the fisherman's challenge: "That'd be more your business than mine, Father." When Paddy, in "Gentlemen, This Is Armageddon!" blurts out his final remark he strikes sharp to the target of tragedy. To lift the author's own words from their context, his writing "rings with the truth of a good bell."

Ann F. Wolfe, who is of Tyrone County, Ireland, ancestry herself, is a student of Gaelic literature and has known many of the figures in the Irish literary movement. She is editor of The New Quarterly of Poetry.

Combination Chips and Socrates

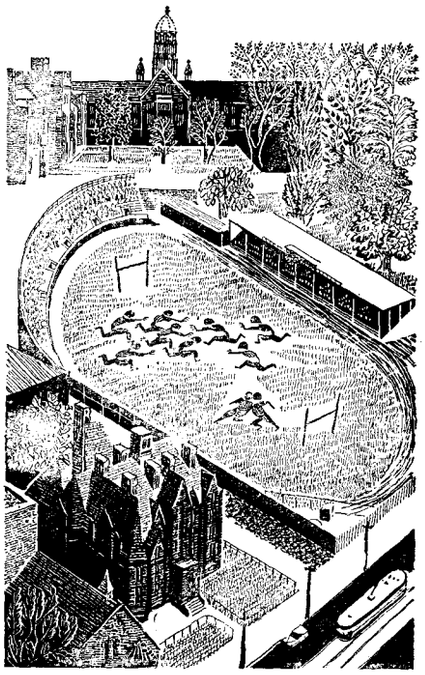
THE VARSITY STORY: By Morley Callaghan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 172 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THE university setting has been a fertile one in recent fiction, with a range so considerable that it extends from the humorous irony in "Zuleika Dobson" to, most recently, the protest against anti-Semitism in "The Professor's Umbrella." The more intricate problems that concern Mr. Callaghan in his novel have already been treated in non-fiction, notably in the brilliant essays of Jacques Barzun ("Teacher in America") and in the sober reports of President Conant and the Harvard Committee on General Education. Still, "The Varsity Story" cannot easily be classified. It is set in the very real, substantial University of Toronto; and its slight plot, built around characters who are primarily mouthpieces, is merely a device to explore some of the fundamental questions that American universities face. Although gentle and unobtrusive, the book is important, for the questions it raises are significant to universities on both sides of the Great Lakes.

The story tells of the intellectual quest of Arthur Tyndall, a New Zealander educated at Oxford, who has come to the university as warden of one of its houses. At the end of his first year there, he has decided to leave, for he feels that the jumble of buildings and people have no pattern, tradition, or direction. But then he begins to sense something inspiring; and his curiosity becomes an obsession, his irritation a goad, to find out what the university really means. He stays on, acting like a combination of Mr. Chips and Socrates, and finds a happy fulfillment in wrestling with the problems that have afflicted the university.

There is, to begin with, its disease of gigantism. The result, especially since the university lies in an urban center, is that it is depersonalized, with large classes in which the teacher is a lecturing performer, and the student is a number on a proctor's seating chart. Accompanying this is a dispersion or dilution of the intellectual stamina not only of the students but of the faculty, who have been debased to a position of timid subservience to the powers above—or below. What particularly worries Tyndall is that the goal of university education seems to have been forgotten. The teachers of liberal arts



—*From the book.*

fear that the sciences and the "practical" subjects are pushing the humanities into a dusty corner of the curriculum. What gives basis for this fear is that many students regard the university as a vocational training center, and save their enthusiasm for bread-and-butter courses. What *is* the goal? A spokesman for the liberal arts states his credo: "We would have one goal, the stimulation of our mind by the quest for the truth. From there on we wouldn't have to worry. A student could go out into the world and create his own design."

Tyndall's own solution is one of synthesis: both the arts and the technologies are necessary, and the varieties of colleges, courses, and ambitions are not incompatible. In his own metaphor, the university is a many-faceted crystal in which he can see only one facet at a time without being able to comprehend its vast wholeness.

Stylistically the book is first rate. The story is related in the clean, spare prose that Mr. Callaghan has used so skilfully in his previous novels. The superb black and white illustrations of university scenes by Eric Aldwinckle are so fine a complement to the story that one wonders why the art of book illustration has, in this century, been relegated almost exclusively to children's books.

Robert Halsband is assistant professor of English at Hunter College.

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Prisoner of Self

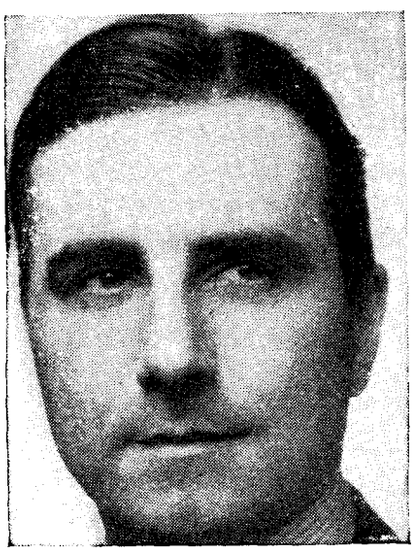
IF I WERE YOU. By Julian Green. Translated from the French by J. H. F. McEwen. New York: Harper & Bro. 1949. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

MR. GREEN'S theme in "If I Were You" is the enduring mystery of human identity. He explores this theme with considerable ingenuity and with style, and along lines calculated to entertain almost any reader, but he was perhaps ill-advised to make his fantasy bear the weight of a foreword as explicit as the one he has provided:

> This book [Mr. Green begins] is an attempt to set out in order certain matters which have puzzled me ever since I was a child. I can remember quite distinctly when I was hardly of an age to trace a pothook on a sheet of paper asking myself why I was my particular self and not someone else. The question even now remains unanswered; nor has it ceased to interest me. . . . Were I called upon to sum up concisely the content of the book, I would perhaps say that it deals with a certain anguish of mind, that double anguish which consists in the knowledge that a man can escape neither his own destiny nor the approach of death and the bewilderment of finding himself alone in the midst of an incomprehensible universe.

This is indeed a most serious preparation for the story about to be unfolded, but, in the beginning at least, it is hard to take the narrative itself very seriously. It arouses our interest at once, it soon begins to entertain us, and, as all good stories should, it makes us turn its pages with an increasing eagerness to learn what happens next.



—*Ben Pinchot.*

"The riddle of human identity remains untouched by Julian Green."

Fabian Especel, whose history we find ourselves reading, is a young man of twenty-three, living in a French provincial city and working at dull clerical tasks which he despises. Disgusted with life as it is, he dreams of life as it might be. Indeed, he would be glad to escape from himself in almost any direction. But in the foreground of his dreams are the pleasures of sex. Night after night he seeks them out with indifferent success, but persistent hope.

To those who are ready for temptation, temptation comes—here in the shape of a mysterious stranger who assures Fabian that he can provide just the kind of "happy surprises" for which the young man is on the prowl. Fabian is taken up to a high place, from which he can see the lights of at least one of the cities of the world. And there he is offered "the gift of gifts." If he will only give his word that he assents to the arrangement, he will be taught a simple formula whereby he may escape the prison of self; a formula which will enable him to become whatever person he likes, which, as he travels from person to person, will place at his disposal "the whole vast experience of the human race." "Suffering will be yours," says the tempter, "only for as long as you may wish to experience it, and pleasure equally will be yours for the taking."

All Fabian can do is to experience an old man's aches and pains, the fumbling mentality of a moron, the troubled thoughts of a frustrated scholar, and the domestic difficulties of a good-looking young man. He, whose concupiscence has been so great, who would have liked to emulate that Indian prince of whom Theophrastus spoke, does not lift even a finger when all the women of the world are within his grasp. After only three unsatisfactory transformations, he turns in terror in his tracks, and begins a backward flight towards self, which with its desperate, nightmare quality is the best portion of "If I Were You."

It is all very disappointing, but Fabian has followed a well-worn path. Must not the third wish of the classic three-wishes fable, in whatever form we find it, always be spent to undo the dire consequences of the first two wishes? And why should Fabian be able to use his diabolical powers any more intelligently than did Marlowe's Faustus?

The riddle of human identity remains untouched by Mr. Green's announced approach to it, but, if he has not given us exactly what his foreword promises, he has given us a most enjoyable new version of an old and moral story.

"Howard Clewes writes the way Cézanne paints—omitting all unessentials."

Victor & Vanquished

THE MASK OF WISDOM. By Howard Clewes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 346 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HOLLISTER, JR.

HOWARD CLEWES'S fourth novel is a book its readers are likely to remember. The admirable construction which shapes its growth and bears its story along makes for avid interest while one is reading, and later one is enlightened by the dawning of its very personal message. What lifts this book above the mediocre horde is that its message is at once personal and universal. In spite of us the book takes hold.

The story is more symbolic than newsworthy. The setting is a city in the Occupied Zone. There the Allied Commission is struggling to get the country back on its feet in accordance with orders from London and Washington, capitals far to the rear of the symbolic nation's realities, but right to the fore in the mentalities of the men of the Commission.

Among the victor and vanquished arises a situation at the same time ugly and divine, a scandal demanding immediate solution—the discovery of top-notch Fascist "Holy Joe" Miller's bastard son. What should be done with him? Who is his mother? This problem, which begins as merely one of ownership and disposal, grows and takes on general significance, until it assumes the character of a struggle of science against the ethic of man.

But don't get me wrong; the characters—and I am thinking particularly of Thea Njemcova, impenetrable

(*Continued on page* 29)

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U. S. A. *Some weeks ago in speaking of minority groups we rather glibly suggested that American women belong among them. On second thought, we retract the remark. Only recently the Bureau of the Census estimated that our women now outnumber our men by half a million. However, as Mrs. Hedden observes in reviewing Pearl Buck's stimulating discussion of contemporary social problems, "American Argument" (see below), whether women constitute a majority or a minority, a very real reason exists for economic discrimination against them. What another group which has traditionally been victims of discrimination is doing to win economic justice is analyzed in Louis C. Kesselman's "Social Policies of FEPC," also reviewed here. . . . Bess Furman's "Washington By-Line," a gossipy account of society (with a capital S) in the National Capital, is perceptive enough to interest serious students of the American scene.*

Four Critical Eyes on U.S.A.

AMERICAN ARGUMENT. By Pearl S. Buck with Eslanda Goode Robeson. New York: The John Day Co. 1949. 206 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN

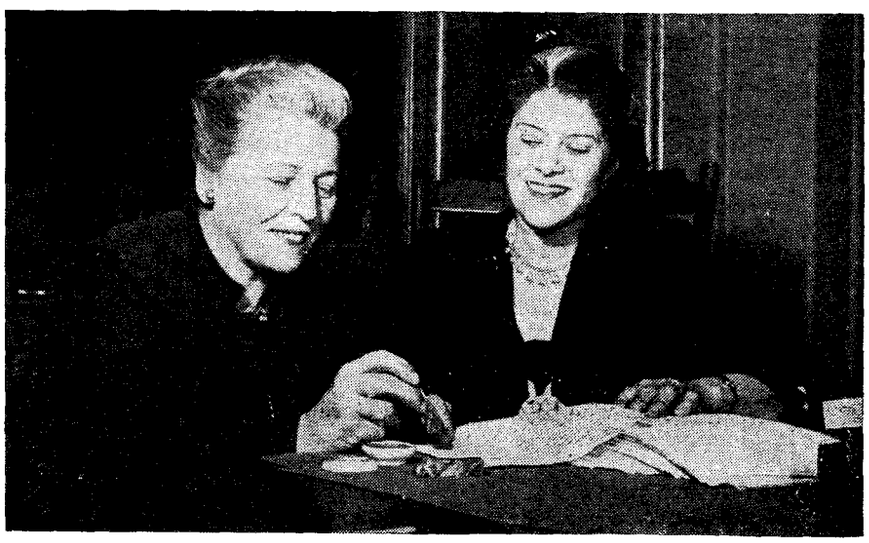
THIS is the record of ten informal conversations between Pearl S. Buck, novelist and commentator-at-large, and Eslanda Goode Robeson, anthropologist, author, and wife of Paul Robeson, about the people of the United States as these four discerning, critical eyes saw them in the summer of 1948. Miss Buck says her purpose here was to clarify her thought about her country, stranger to her than the China in which she was reared, and that she chose her friend Eslanda as her interlocutor because, in addition to superior qualities of mind and personality, Mrs. Robeson was born and bred here but has lived abroad enough to have the necessary perspective on the USA. For such an over-all colloquy Mrs. Robeson comes close to being the ideal explicator. More practical and realistic than is Miss Buck, she has scientific training, penetrating intelligence, originality, a sense of analogy, and conclusions independently arrived at to draw on for her responses to questions about human relations, women, marriage, the rearing and education of children, illegitimacy, miscegenation, minorities, politics, war, Russia, and individual freedom.

On only one of these subjects, American women, is Miss Buck, in spite of her sympathetic musings, left in abysmal ignorance. For an understanding there she should have queried one of the less fortunate, less successful mothers of multiple children whose group shopping and matineeing she deplores. Organization of housework *can* help (that's how they manage to be out for recreation and companionship while other people work) but the average woman can't organize a husband and children of varying ages, care for each child "physically and see that he is mentally and emotionally satisfied," and still have time to follow the gleam of her particular star. And women are not a minority problem in the sense that our racial and religious groups are. There's a reason (see "What Every Young Girl Should Know") for discrimination against women as equal partners of men in the work-a-day world. Unless we organize nationally for home and child care, we shall go on applauding when a woman joins the Cabinet, is elected to the Senate, or wins the Nobel Prize. Where Mrs. Robeson got the idea that most American women have children because they're ignorant of contraceptives, and why she feels that an A.B. is wasted on a future mother and a future salesman, are questions on which I wish Miss Buck had asked her to think again. I can only imagine myself a salesman needing food for thought when I've tired of the Gideon Bible, but I know as a mother I've wished for a Ph.D. in every subject under the sun.

Mrs. Robeson still gets an A from this reviewer on most of her examinations. She thinks that Americans have no real race prejudice "because there are too many organized efforts to create and keep it up." That "many Southerners, even, are tired of all this foolishness—this expensive, elaborate segregation." That the South won the Civil War ideologically—the Negro is not free, Southern politicians do not respect Federal authority, and Northerners lose their idealism when they're invited "to come along down here and use our nice cheap labor." That unless all the individuals get their rights no one individual can be sure of his. That all we need in this country is to set up in living performance the magnificent documents we display on the Freedom Train. That no war is inevitable unless events have been allowed to happen, one after another, that lead to war. That an estimate of Russia formed from only an ex-Communist's statement is no fairer or more comprehensive than an estimate of a man formed from only his ex-wife's confidences.

Perhaps if this symposium had been held in the winter of 1949 after the people had spoken, Miss Buck, between sessions, would not have been in sleepless despair about the country she loves. As it is recorded, "American Argument" is not a book for the pessimistic. But for the isn't-it-grand-to-be-an-American school it cannot be too urgently recommended.

Worth Tuttle Hedden is author of "The Other Room," which won an Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1948.



Pearl S. Buck "chose Eslande Goode Robeson, . . . close to being the ideal explicator."

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Capital Sob Sister

WASHINGTON BY-LINE. By Bess Furman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 348 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE PRINGLE

THE author of "Washington By-Line" is a Nebraskan born and bred, the daughter of a small-town newspaper family. A reporter literally from childhood, Bess Furman has covered Washington since 1929, much of that time for the Associated Press and more recently for *The New York Times*. For twenty years she has looked at the Capital through the eyes of a newspaperwoman and of an unreconstructed Midwesterner.

The reminiscences of two decades which she has here set down are sometimes wide-eyed. Miss Furman has had, as she observes in another connection, "a whee of a time." She never stopped going about "like the old lawk-a-mercy lady, more amazed from day to day at where I was and what I was doing." Her Washington may be artificial; it is also brilliant, dazzling, altogether fascinating.

The Capital, as Miss Furman reports it through the Hoover and Roosevelt Administrations and the first Truman Administration, is seen in terms of personalities rather than of issues. As an old AP reporter, Miss Furman has the habit of neutrality. She wrote for both Republican and Democratic papers and, as she says, on all sides of controversies. But she is a friendly person, and she has drawn friends to her by the hundreds. She came to know almost everyone of importance in Washington. Her book consists largely of a series of graphic, if uncritical portraits of Senators, Representatives, politicians, Government officials—and their wives and families—from Mrs. Herbert Hoover to Margaret Truman. Centering around them the nostalgic reader will find retold some episodes, now half-forgotten, which once shook Washington to its core: the Alice Roosevelt Longworth-Dolly Curtis Gann rivalry, for instance. Both ladies come off with their dignity intact in Miss Furman's version, by the way, and Mrs. Gann receives some long overdue credit for her political acuteness and her successful campaign for her brother's renomination. The late Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde was a close personal friend of Miss Furman, who pays her tribute in illuminating details of her activity first on the Hill and later as Minister to Denmark.

Most of Miss Furman's portraits are of women—and what emerges most vividly from her book is the importance of women in the New Deal—from able, self-effacing Mrs. John Nance Garner to Pauline Morton Sabin and her "Women Wets." Here, for the first time, is a detailed appreciation of the contribution to Franklin Roosevelt's 1932 and 1936 victories of Miss Mary W. Dawson, who supervised the Women's Division of the Democratic Campaign Committee. Here are described some of Miss Grace Abbott's struggles in the children's bureau. Here is the record of an early press conference of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, in which she outlined in masterly fashion some of the paths the New Deal might explore—a press conference which the late Raymond Clapper called one of the most outstanding of his entire Washington experience. This was before Miss Perkins became allergic to the press, as a result of its magnifying her famous slip about "putting shoes on the South." Here is a swift sketch of General Hugh Johnson's indispensable "Robbie."

Many other names and faces appear in Miss Furman's pages. But her book is dominated by the personality of Eleanor Roosevelt. Bess Furman was a White House intimate to a greater extent than any other newspaperwoman except Ruby Black. Covering Mrs. Roosevelt was her top-priority assignment from 1933 through 1936, and she writes that in order to keep up with the President's wife she had to go into low-heeled shoes.

Not only Mrs. Roosevelt's energetic public activities, but also her warm, generous, thoughtful private life is portrayed in detail. If Miss Furman's book is important chiefly as a footnote to Washington history of the past twenty years, on the subject of Mrs. Roosevelt it contains much valuable source material. Whoever writes the ultimate biography of Eleanor Roosevelt will want to consult this volume for the light it sheds on that many-sided woman. Meanwhile, for anyone who has watched the Capital, or lived in it, since 1929, the book makes lively, heart-warming reading.

Katherine Pringle has collaborated with her husband, Henry F. Pringle, on many magazine articles about the Washington scene.

Reform Pressure

THE SOCIAL POLITICS OF FEPC. By Louis C. Kesselman. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1948. 253 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK STARR

RARELY does a book so well live up to its jacket claim:

> For the social scientist this book analyzes the physiology and anatomy of a reform pressure movement; for the reader interested in reform politics it evaluates pressure techniques in realistic terms; and for the general reader it tells the inside story of one of the most exciting and controversial legislative campaigns in recent years.

The letters FEPC, as you can easily check by quizzing your friends, have reached the stage of familiarity when nobody unpacks them any more. And because the request for a permanent Federal Employment Practices Commission will figure prominently in the Eighty-first Congress, this story of the movement for Federal compulsion to remove job discrimination is much more than water down the stream of history. The Report of the President's Commission on Civil Rights (now being made into a movie by a committee headed by Melvyn Douglas) and the more recent report on the revolting treatment of the Negro in Washington, D. C. (to be made more widely available soon as a Public Affairs pamphlet) have indicted our failure to practise our democratic faith.

But Dr. Kesselman's study goes farther than these reports. He relates how President Roosevelt, alarmed by Phillip Randolph's proposal to lead a march of Negroes on Washington, created FEPC in 1941 by an Executive order, and tells about the difficulties created by officials afraid to apply it and by Congressmen who tried to kill it. From 1942 to 1946 the legislative battle to make FEPC permanent was waged until a twenty-three-day Senate filibuster by the Dixiecrats defeated the FEPC advocates, although some consolation was found in the commissions against discrimination set up in New York and other states.

Since this book was finished, the Dixiecrats, with whom Roosevelt compromised, have defied their party on the issue of civil rights, and equal job opportunities are basic to that program. We lynch by inches when we refuse men and women the right to work or deny them membership in unions or the right to better jobs. Incidentally, the attitude of the unions has improved since Herbert R. North-

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rup's "Organized Labor and the Negro" (1944), which Dr. Kesselman follows, was written.

The twofold purpose of this book is to tell not only *what* was brought to the attention of Congress but *how*. Given a two-party system, with each party a mosaic of regional and economic interests, muddled principles, and historical hangovers, pressure politics seems likely to be with us for a while. Nevertheless, one should not ignore that a conscious extension of New Deal methods and principles, the economic changes consequent to the cotton-picking and coal-digging machines, atomic energy, corporate controls, and social planning may well produce a new political alignment which would introduce a more logical pattern into our political party life. Hence, we need this manual based on experience. How do we focus our indignation and desires on Congress by adequate political pressure? Securing and enforcing a permanent FEPC will be a tremendous effort in community self-education.

The fundamental difficulty of pressure politics is that men and movements cannot normally concentrate upon one measure and forsake all others. The Anti-Saloon League was the outstanding exception and the results of prohibition and its repeal are not encouraging. Dr. Kesselman's criticism of Phillip Randolph in his leadership of the National Council for FEPC overlooks the fact that Randolph was an idealist Negro Socialist who could not demean himself by promising votes to the old-line party politicians when he believed in a new third party. Neither could he trade with the Stalinists under any conditions.

Dr. Kesselman shows all the difficulties of a radical pressure organization: shoestring resources and the frantic search for angels; voluntary or poorly paid staff; Stalinist attempts to infiltrate and capture; frictions among the various regiments of the stage army of reform often accentuated by personality conflicts; uncertain allies; the political deceptions and maneuvers which operate to snatch victory in the final moments of the campaign. He is alarmed by the weakness of the Good Cause and its failure to break through the cake of custom, the apathy and ignorance and the fear aroused by any social change. But progress has been made, and the agitation over FEPC prepared the way for the new Congress to deal with this item of unfinished business on our agenda of applied democracy.

Mark Starr is educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Personal History.

In the autobiographies reviewed this week, two men and a woman offer glimpses of worlds now vanished yet nostalgically remembered. The tragedies and triumphs that daily befell an active and curious twelve-year-old boy living in New York City during the last decade of the last century are charmingly recaptured in Henry Noble MacCracken's "The Family on Gramercy Park." In it readers will find some of the same atmosphere and good humor that distinguished Clarence Day's reminiscences of Manhattan in the same epoch, "Life with Father." In almost the very year of which Noble MacCracken writes, a young American housewife by the name of Margaret Chanler was making a pilgrimage to the Wagnerian capital of Bayreuth—one of the highlights of the long lifetime as an aficionda of music she describes so delightfully in "Memory Makes Music." Nicholas Monsarrat, the son of a wealthy Liverpool surgeon, poignantly pictures the crumbling of the placid pre-World War I world in his family memoir "My Brother Denys."

New York Boy's World, 1892

THE FAMILY ON GRAMERCY PARK. By Henry Noble MacCracken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THE charm of this book is that a small section of the New York of 1892, a sort of enclave of which Gramercy Park is the center, is seen through the candid eyes of a twelve-year-old boy. That is, it is not an old man looking back with sentimental license or adult wisdom on his boyhood, but a lively kid writing in boy language, misspellings, bad grammar, and all, of what he and his gang do and what grown-ups talk about. The New York in which Noble MacCracken lives and moves is only as large as his interests and preoccupations, which are first his gang, then his family, and then such outside manifestations as the Columbian celebration, his school, or riding around with his father to seek a site for a bigger university up town.

For Papa is Chancellor of New York University, a pushover for auctions, an impulsive joiner of fights for worthy causes, who moves so fast between home and office his coattails and whiskers stream out behind. "Papa gets into more rows than you can shake a stick at," observes his admiring son. Papa almost becomes a full-length portrait in his son's picture. The boy is called Noble by the family, for Papa is another Henry, but to the boys of the gang he is "Nibsy." Wouldn't Vassar alumnae love that!

The Park with its high iron fence is the citadel of the gang. The passport is the private key to its gate, of which Noble is, for his family, the custodian. The gang sallies forth from this fortress to fight the Micks from Second Avenue, to ambush the choir boys of Dr. Satterlee's Calvary Church—choir boys being, it seems, especially tough gangs—and to chase alley cats until it falls afoul of one of Mr. Bergh's newly-created cops. Girls intrude and are tolerated with mild condescension. Mutton Gravy—the gang's rendition of her French name—tries to initiate them into the arts of romance and gallantry, but with small success. Sex intrudes, but not much. It is a healthy boy's world. Not many of the duties that country boys know fall to Noble's lot. Instead of weeding or chopping wood, his meanest chore is licking stamps for the catalogues of Papa's university.

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for there is little money even to pay the Chancellor, not to speak of clerical help. The taste spoils Noble's supper.

The story is delightful reading whether viewed as a period piece of a vanished New York, or a blow-by-blow account of the street battles waged by the gang, fortified with stratagems dug out from Caesar's "Commentaries" and the "Iliad," or as a lively and heartwarming account of the fascinating family at 84 Irving Place—"*on* but not *in* the Square." Mamma is a personage, too, smoothing Papa down when his enthusiasms carry him away—"You are the fightingest man I know," she says, "but I love you for it,"—playing the part of a *dea ex machina* in the love affairs of Annie, the kitchen maid. And there is John, Noble's older brother, who calmly takes over the management of the family finances when Papa's bank account is overdrawn. He, too, becomes a college president. And through the Square streams a procession of notables, neighbors, or visitors at the MacCracken home, Reginald de Koven, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mayor Hewitt, Cyrus Field, William Dean Howells, Edwin Booth, Jay Gould, Richard Watson Gilder, receiving only so much consideration as they merit in his boy's world.

It was an eventful year in a broader sense, the Columbian Quadricentennial, the Hayes-Cleveland campaign, Big Bill Devery and Dr. Parkhurst, the Briggs trial, the Homestead strike, some spectacular fires, all of which young Noble sees or hears discussed at home with proper comments. I wish there was space to tell about Mr. Lyon's school, which must have been unique even in New York, for it was situated in Twenty-second Street near Broadway, over a gambling hell and next door to a house of ill fame. Mr. Lyon's warnings to his charges against the evils that surrounded them had always one characteristic gesture and phrase, thumb down pointing to the gambling joint, finger pointing to the house next door, "this and that."

And all who were living in New York in the Nineties—as this reviewer was—will experience many memories evoked by the contemporary plays, songs, and landmarks that distinguished a now vanished era. This book is a minor saga, to be placed on the shelf with the long line of autobiographies of real boys beginning with Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy."

Earnest Elmo Calkins founded and until 1931 was president of the New York advertising firm of Calkins & Holden, often described as "the first modern advertising agency."

Music-Loving Grande Dame

MEMORY MAKES MUSIC. By Margaret Chanler. Boston: Stephen-Paul. 1948. 171 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

THERE are perhaps no vital statistics to indicate whether it is a rarer achievement to have lived long, or to have lived wisely. The author of this book has certainly lived long, for she is now a lady of eighty-five, and she has also lived wisely, if this means to make the most of life's opportunities and of one's own gifts. Born, we gather, to the enjoyment of privileged leisure, this wise and witty lady refused to make this condition an end in itself, but rather a means for the serious cultivation of her musical talent, for the keen and unflagging savoring of all musical experiences that came her way, from the romantic posturings of Liszt—what a thrill to see and hear him as a girl in Rome!—to the jazz-age attitudes of Gershwin and the sophisticated barbarism of Stravinsky (how exciting to have him as a dinner companion!).

If there is a hostile gulf separating the music of the nineteenth century from that of the twentieth, one is not made aware of it in the memoirs of this music-loving *grande dame* with a lively pen (still livelier mind) and a cosmopolitan background. After absorbing Wagner and Verdi, she passed without too much strain to Mahler and Schoenberg, finding the latter's "Pierrot Lunaire" "rather captivating" though "very strange." In a later broadcast performance of that work she found that "the radio robbed it of its magic." Dear me!—why not try television?

The social historian may find it interesting to note that Mrs. Chanler's husband—typical American businessman, no doubt—"was indifferent to music." How Mrs. Chanler escaped the fell clutch of circumstance (including several babies) and managed to make the pilgrimage to Bayreuth in 1891, is told on page ninety-five of this personal chronicle. A little later

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CATS IN LITERATURE

Vera Dodge, of New York City, is quizzing you this week on famous fictional cats. Can you name the title, as well as the author, of the stories briefly summarized below in which the cats were outstanding? Allowing five points for each answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. Literary associations came early for this kitten, serving as a paperweight for the typing of a manuscript in one of our most delightful plays.
2. A stray cat trod on a fuse box at the crucial moment in a murder plot and changed the course of the plot and the lives of three characters.
3. Appearing and disappearing in an unusual manner most baffling to a very little girl, this fictitious feline has become a household word in all English-speaking countries.
4. A "character" in the neighborhood, a terror to all unwary dogs, this ferocious yellow mongrel cat engaged the fancy of an eccentric sportsman and became the legal owner and manager of a baseball team.
5. A mischievous boy fed to the cat the "Pain Killer" from which his well-meaning but misguided aunt had been dosing him; the resulting extraordinary antics of the cat brought remorse to the aunt and peace to the boy.
6. This cat, brought up by the Bishop of Bongo-Bongo, never swerved from its austere dignity and high moral standards until it took to drink.
7. This member of cat nobility, until his sudden and mysterious disappearance while attending a dinner party, had fascinated society by conducting a symphony orchestra, using his tail as a baton.
8. This most unladylike cat claimed to be the reincarnation of Cleopatra.
9. This cat fought a dog in a terrific battle (reported by an old Dutch clock and a Chinese plate) which ended when the contestants ate each other up.
10. When a scientist at a house party taught this very intelligent family cat to speak the English language, the guests were most upset by what he might say.

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comes what is perhaps the most astonishing anecdote in the volume. Talking with Isolde Wagner, Mrs. Chanler asked what had become of Joseph Rubinstein, the musician. "Oh," was the reply, "he read my father's book about the Jews in music and was so convinced by it that he killed himself."

If I may register a slight, and I hope not ungallant, complaint about this book, it is that Mrs. Chanler has not drawn exclusively enough upon her extensive and charming memories, but has allowed them to be too often interrupted by biographical or descriptive passages easily duplicated elsewhere.

Gilbert Chase, musicologist now with RCA Victor in Camden, was formerly in charge of the music section of the "NBC University of the Air."

Nostalgia for the Bourgeois

MY BROTHER DENYS. By Nicholas Monsarrat. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 242 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT was four years old, playing and fighting in the nursery of the tall house of a Liverpool surgeon when World War I began its fragmentation of the Victorian world. Denys was in the making but not yet born. Molly was fourteen, shortly to be exiled from the top floor; and Felicity was six. What happened to Denys and Nicholas and the rest of the Monsarrats through the years that were golden, and then gray with disillusionment, is the sum and substance of this book. Apparently Nicholas was born to write memoirs, for even from that absurd age his recollections are more vivid and consecutive than most of us can evoke from our tenth birthday.

If there is any pattern for the autobiographies of men who do not stride like giants across the world, it may be found in "My Brother Denys." Mr. Monsarrat has a gift for self-deprecation; the massive ego that compels some men to make copy of their past is marked by its absence. He has the seeing eye with which to pierce himself as well as his companions, and in the last sentence of the book he even disclaims any deep knowledge of the brother in whose name it was composed. "I wish," he writes, "I had known him better." Though it recalls the charm of Siegfried Sassoon's or Robert Graves's memoirs, "My Brother Denys" is not designed for drama or for any soul-shaking moments. It is the story of a progress through thirty years, as fateful and ruinous as any in history, of a family whose experience was identical with thousands of other families, whether in England or America. The book is thus a part of the common experience and fate of the once solidly constructed upper-middle class in both countries, which steamed headlong to disaster with all of its luxuries and wealth aboard.

By the time Nicholas and his brother were adolescents their father had built, as a hard-working and brilliant surgeon, the solid wealth that used to be a goal that might be achieved by industry and intelligence. As Liverpool declined as a shipping center, it suffered that familiar world-wide change "from being a community to being a place where people lived for what they could make out of one another." The Monsarrats built a rich man's home in the neighboring countryside which in turn was swallowed up by rows of cheap villas. Their seaside cottage at Treaddur Bay remained nostalgically unspoiled.

The boys, like the gilded youths of fortune everywhere, led careless if somewhat feverish lives. Denys was a failure in college and later he detested medical school. Nicholas received a degree from Cambridge, but the practice of law in Nottingham, "with its calculated rake-off on human misfortunes," nauseated him so that he could not bring himself to confess to strangers what he was doing. Both of them, in a mild way, went to pot when their father lost his money in the catastrophic year of '31. Denys went to an Oxford where austerity had become a necessary fashion. With his friends he pretended to like his absence of ready money, to believe in frugality; but they were pathetically like peacocks who had lost their tailfeathers. On his twenty-third birthday Nicholas sold everything to pay his creditors. With one suit and one pair of shoes, a typewriter and a half-finished novel, he disappeared into a Paddington slum, determined to become a writer or starve. His father and mother, by that time, had parted. There was no longer any chance of walking into father's study for an easy touch.

Anthony Panting.

"Nicholas Monsarrat has the seeing eye with which to pierce himself as well as his companions."

The war saved them, as it saved many another young man whose families had been wrecked by the depression. Mercifully, one of the girls had married well; the youngest after a series of engagements became her mother's companion, drifting from one house or flat to another. But through this time of trial and penance their summer home became the unspoiled symbol of the happy past. Here the grown-up children were again united and the young men with their friends of a dozen years danced with the sunburned girls and interminably sailed their racing yachts in the bay. One of Nicholas's last recollections is of steaming into the lovely bay during the war and seeing the white houses sparkling on the cliffs, a somewhat shopworn Adam looking back on the Garden of Eden. His brother had been killed in Africa, and his family had scattered, but the past was still with him; and his dead brother's handsome, shy countenance more vividly in his mind than it ever had been when he was alive. Mr. Monsarrat's book is thus more than the reminiscences of a man who looks back on his childhood and youth. It is the evocation of a dramatic moment in history in which an entire class of society, once so impregnable, suffered the first pangs of dissolution and extinction.

Poem for Winter

By Margaret Bartlett

THE wisdom of all farewell
Is in a time old
Tree in the snow.
Waving the wind
It bows and sways,
"Yes, go, oh go!
But I must stay." Farewell.

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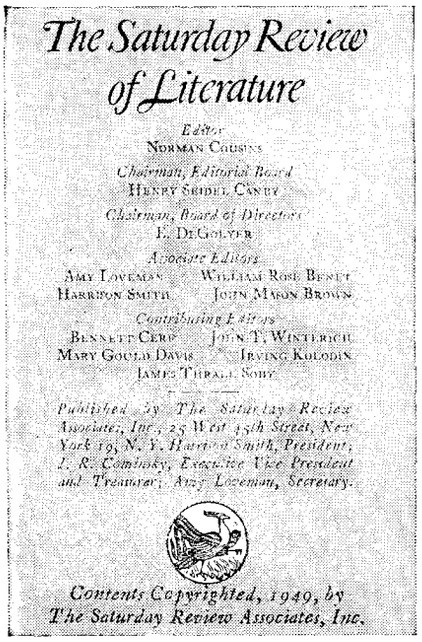
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Berlin

THE visitor to Berlin quickly learns that there is more to the city than the four sectors under the separate military rule of America, Russia, Britain, and France.

First of all, there is the Berlin that meets the eye. It is a strangely calm and composed Berlin, a city of trudging old people with improvised push-carts that serve as moving vans. It is a city of permanent transients who shift or try to shift from one section to another—wherever they can find food and coal. It is a quiet city but a tired city, where cars and people move slowly and even the low clouds seem clotted and motionless. It is a city of small vegetable patches carved out of the empty spaces between the ruins or out of the gray dirt of vacant lots, and the people live in these patches in crude wooden huts and seal themselves in behind wooden barricades.

This Berlin—the remote, unhurried Berlin—is the core center of world crisis. On the surface, at least, it seems curiously apart from its own place in the world, as though it were trying to disprove any connection with the world of motion and force—of which it is a mainspring. There is very little surface evidence of the high-voltage tensions that animate the outside world, or of the fierce uneasiness that threatens to produce a mass anxiety neurosis back in the United States. There is no thunder of daily newspaper headlines, no newsstand competition in bludgeoning black headlines, and when you read about Berlin in the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, it is almost as though you were looking at yourself in the mirror through the wrong end of a telescope.

Then there is the sub-surface Berlin. It is a Berlin of plot and counter-plot, a place where giant opposing swords are stretching towards each other and are beginning to feel each other. It is a place of endless depths and sub-levels, where new German forces are being shaped and old forces re-grouped, a subterranean spawning ground for revolution and intrigue.

This is the Berlin where the cold war has been gathering heat and momentum. Every once in a while, there will be brief eruptions breaking through the apparent surface calm—clashes or demonstrations or riots which are actually only the wisps of smoke above an impending volcano. All seek to control the volcano or at least to direct it. That it could set off a civil war no one denies. For, day by day, the sides are gaining in definition and shape among the Germans themselves. Despite the surface appearance of a dull, detached city, the people have been dividing themselves: the line separating East from West has for the most part been an open one, and the political and geographic entities of a civil war are being created. If the explosion comes—and almost any incident could touch it off—it could represent the focal point of world eruption, rather than that of Germany alone. This is nothing that is predictable; in fact, its very unpredictability reflects the principal danger. For a tremendous momentum has been building up and is more important, more menacing, than the deliberate moves of Russia or America. It is a momentum so great that it could trigger a war quite outside the precise calculations or timing of the nations involved.

* * *

Finally, there is the symbolic Berlin—the Berlin that tells us more about twentieth-century civilization than we may care to know. It is not a city but the charred skeleton of a city, hollowed out and jagged, yet with a massive and permanent aspect to its debris, for there is too much left to clear away, and too little left on which to rebuild. A bombed city, when first you see it, smashes across the eye and mind with pole-ax impact. It is not only the scale of destruction, but the supreme abruptness of destruction that hits at you. A hundred earthquakes spilled from the sky out of the hands of men and a thousand years of the works of men, put together piece by piece, are ripped open and their creators with them. It is the minute asserting its sovereignty over the age itself, a single swift scoop with the spoon that empties the seas.

But that is not all. The symbol of Berlin in the modern world is that of a grotesque normalcy. For actually there is nothing abnormal or unique about Berlin. Most of the great cities of Europe and Asia are now part of a great pattern of destruction—London and Coventry and Manchester and Birmingham and Southampton and Cherbourg and Calais and Madrid and Barcelona and Rotterdam and

The Author Retrieves a Presentation Copy of His Book

By Melville Cane

UPON a dingy sidewalk stall,
Exposed to city rain and grime
I found it, marked for burial,
Though priced at but a dime.

Indeed it were indignity
To stuff it in a pauper's grave,
But who might venture, saving me,
To rescue and reprieve?

I paid the ransom, clasped the waif
With all the warmth of parentage,
And as I held it, close and safe,
I turned the title page,

And—sore humiliation—read
The words of gift I once had penned
For one whom I had credited
And cherished as a friend.

I might have borne his perfidy
And nursed my wounds in silence, but
For this supreme effrontery,
The pages were uncut.

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Warsaw and Milan and Turin and Stalingrad and Leningrad and Kiev and Frankfurt and Aachen and Cologne and Darmstadt and Mannheim and Munich and Stuttgart and Hamburg and Shanghai and Nanking and Canton and Peking and Chungking and Hangchow and Tokyo and Yokohama and Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

NO, there is nothing unique about Berlin. The only uniqueness in the world is in the Western hemisphere; and you wonder whether the American people know just how unique they are—that their cities are standing only because of the accident of history or the twist of fate that saw the V-2 developed at the end of the war instead of at the beginning. You wonder whether this uniqueness holds any special meaning to Americans, whether they are able to see the world whole and understand what has happened to the larger city of man in our time, or whether they are accepting their good fortunes as having no particular significance or consequence. You wonder whether people will or can put everything else aside in order to throw all their energies and resources into the one big effort, however much of a gamble it may seem, to build a common government with as many nations as can be persuaded to make the effort. Even if all peoples will not subscribe immediately, it will be important for America, finally though belatedly, to take moral leadership on the grand scale in making the commitment herself. For the basic need is not only political and military; it is the need to redefine human purpose and to restore some sense of vital direction to human destiny.

You wonder, too, as you walk through Berlin, what it will feel like to walk again through the streets of New York or Philadelphia or Chicago. Will the cities at home seem like temporary outposts, like the stage setting for an illusion? Will they show outwardly how weak are the foundations on which they and our times are built? Or will you get over the feeling of a false reality and merge yourself with it, allowing what you had seen in Europe to slip away from you? Will you become walled in by the general feeling of adequacy, self-satisfaction, and security?

As I say, you wonder about all this and are almost afraid to return home and learn the answers.

—N.C.

Nelson Doubleday

WHEN Nelson Doubleday lay ill in his home at Oyster Bay of the cancer that was to end his life early in the new year, he might have looked back with deep satisfaction on his long and prodigiously successful career as an American publisher. It began, actually, at the turn of the century; he was twelve years old when he naively asked his father if he might request Rudyard Kipling, an old friend of the elder Doubleday, to write more stories to follow one he had read in *St. Nicholas Magazine* which explained how the whale got his tiny throat. Then he displayed his acumen by asking for a royalty when they were published in a book. Eventually the "Just So Stories" sold half a million copies, and Mr. Doubleday was still collecting his tribute up to the year of his death. His first publishing venture, selling for a remarkable profit month-old copies of his father's magazines from a barn near his home, was followed by a sucessful experiment in the mail-order merchandising of books. He developed startling techniques in advertising that horrified the genteel men-of-letters who were operating old, established publishing houses. One of his books, "The Encyclopedia of Etiquette," made all of America conscious of its lack of polished manners. By the time he had become president of Doubleday, Doran & Co. he was aptly described as the most ingenious salesman of the printed word in his time. He had a passion for selling books in quantities, that inevitably led to his company's ownership of bookstores and to the establishment of the six book clubs which now surround the publishing activities of Doubleday & Co. with millions of readers of books stamped with the name of their founder.

Nelson Doubleday became the tallest, the most successful, and the most modest publisher in the country. He rarely spoke about himself, unless he could be brought to talk with youthful enthusiasm of his earliest success; his biography in "Who's Who," a masterpiece of understatement, is condensed into a meager six lines which give only his address and his rank as chairman of the board of Doubleday & Co., president of Nelson Doubleday, Inc., and four allied companies. In appearance he was somewhat overwhelming, a six-foot-five, ruddy-faced, smiling English squire, who bore no resemblance to any distinguished bookman, living or dead.

But the record of his achievements can be found everywhere, in his book clubs, two of which have the largest memberships in the world, in Doubleday bookstores across the country, in two great printing plants, in business offices in New York, London, Canada, Philadelphia, and San Francisco; but more significantly in the long lists of distinguished authors his firm has published, and above all in the estimated thirty million books his companies now place every year in American homes and libraries. Nelson Doubleday found the publishing of literature an art devoted to the small minority of literate people, who were reading, for the most part, the works of English and foreign writers; he left it a massive and flourishing business, the largest in international publishing, dedicated to the extension of American literature in our own country and throughout the world

—H. S.

"You advertised for an aggressive young man!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Love

SIR: I was interested in "Books, Beds, and Bromides" by Edmund Fuller [*SRL* Jan. 8]. Many people rage against the present literary sexual orgies on moral grounds, but morals have gone out of fashion. I have wondered why more people do not condemn these excesses on artistic or even commonsense grounds, as Mr. Fuller has done.

In other fields modern writing has come to rely upon implication and suggestion for its effects to such an extent that the reader is sometimes puzzled to follow the intellectual leaps and bounds which are required of him. Yet put the modern author in a bedroom, and implication and suggestion desert him.

The curious thing is that implication is most effective where emotional reactions are involved. There is a sound psychological reason for this. Love, passion if you will, is a highly emotional thing, a feeling, a very elusive quality. When you try to put into words the exact details of a love affair, you are trying to pin down something which is part air and moonlight. The reader who has really felt the emotions you describe may be embarrassed and disgusted by bungling efforts to put something large into the small circumference of words.

The too-frankly sexy books are usually most avidly read by inexperienced persons who hope to learn something they do not know, or by emotionally immature persons who get their thrills second hand. For people who are emotionally mature, suggestion goes farther than an exhaustive catalogue.

CAROL BRINK.

St. Paul, Minn.

Censorship

SIR: Merle Miller's splendid editorial "The Real Danger" [*SRL* Dec. 11] was read with elation by many southern Californians, including California Library Association's Committee on Intellectual Freedom. We should like an opportunity, however, to bring your readers up to date on the censorship threat at Los Angeles County Library. First, there is no censorship committee, and secondly, the fact that there is none can be attributed, we think, to effective community action.

The County Board of Supervisors moved for the creation of the Censorship Committee on September 28. After letters, resolutions, and statements had been noted from American Library Association, California Library Association, the League of Women Voters, students at University of Southern California Library School, Phi Beta Kappa, Southern California Committee of the Authors Guild, American Civil Liberties Union, and many individuals in many parts of the country, the Board started referring to the proposed group as an "Advisory Committee" and instructed counsel to draw up an ordinance specifying its duties. Angry editorials appeared in local newspapers of every political faith, from the *Los Angeles Times* to the *Daily People's World*. The most noteworthy journalistic crusade was conducted by the neighborhood semi-weekly, the *Westwood Hills Press*, edited by Frank McNitt. Articles and news notes appeared in *Publishers' Weekly*, the *Library Journal* and the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Recent press reports indicate that the Supervisors are not going to act on the ordinance submitted by counsel, even in its relatively innocuous form which expressly forbids censorship.

In sum, there was considerable and effective protest, not only by the library profession but also by many local and national groups. Foggy as the present national intellectual climate may be, it is somewhat reassuring to report this instance of a light bright enough to show through the gloom which Mr. Miller so cogently described.

JOHN E. SMITH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Carry these weights out to Mr. Strongfort's car."

Plea Seconded

SIR: A subscriber of some years' standing to the *SRL* and a Crostic fan would like to second Laura Z. Hobson's plea [*SRL* Jan. 22] for a non-glazed page for Mrs. Kingsley's puzzles. I think we have suffered in silence long enough.

JEAN W. TURNBULL.

New York, N. Y.

"Exhilarating," "Hilarious," Etc.

SIR: As a man who usually reads the pictures in his magazines before anything else, I examined the photographs illustrating John Mason Brown's review of "Kiss Me, Kate" [*SRL* Jan. 22] before reading Mr. Brown's comments. I was informed by the caption under the picture that "'Kiss Me, Kate' does not remind, provoke, explore, stir, or illuminate." Hardly a rave! Then I read Mr. Brown's review itself and the impression I got was something else again. True, Mr. Brown does use the words between the quotation marks; but from there he goes on to apply such phrases as "exhilarating," "hilarious ingenuity," "fresh charm," to the book, music, and performers of "Kiss Me, Kate." Don't you think that your caption-writer should have picked phrases more representative of Mr. Brown's review as a whole?

J. DONALD SMYTHE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes.*

Hardly Just

SIR: I was sorry to note the intemperate words concerning Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin by (the Rev.) Ward McCabe in *SRL* LETTERS Jan. 15.

What is "strange tripe" to one may be a juicy steak to another, so I pass that; but from familiarity with Sorokin's works I believe the assertion that "he was always capable of a vicious dishonesty" in his Harvard classroom reveals a dudgeon which is hardly just.

(Rev.) ROWLAND F. NYE.

Lyndhurst, N. J.

Not Guilty

SIR: Katherine E. McDonald [*SRL* Jan. 15] berates you severely for Jim Crowing your Negro writers. It should be pointed out that racial identification can have a proper place occasionally even in book reviews. The author of a work entitled, let us say, "The

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Spirit of India" will not feel unduly stigmatized if *SRL* points out that he is in fact an Indian; the religious identification of the author of "My Buddhist Wife" cannot be said to endanger the freedom of literature. Surely it is honestly significant, not shockingly biased, to point out that the author of "Black Odyssey" is himself black.

It is only when the mention of race or religion is irrelevant to the subject of discussion that a justifiable charge of Jim Crowism can be brought. I think *SRL* not guilty.

PHYLLIS EAKIN.

La Jolla, Calif.

Characters—Grosz & Kieve

SIR: My review of Rudolph Kieve's "The Sorcerers" [*SRL* Jan. 15] suffered an unfortunate cut. "Schuck [the last paragraph, as printed, runs] . . . assumes more and more the features of a George Grosz drawing. He solves his problem by quitting the partnership with the slavedriver . . . [and] grows to be a paragon of withdrawn, melancholy gentleness."

Naturally, that "he" does not refer to the unpleasant character suggesting a George Grosz drawing, but to Mr. Kieve's good hero, the subject of a sentence preceding, in my original copy, the one repeated above.

I hope that George Grosz, the great satirist, will not take umbrage at his drawings having thus, accidentally indeed, been brought into connection with the notion of "withdrawn, melancholy gentleness."

ROBERT PICK.

New York, N. Y.

Quality the Criterion

SIR: It is flattering to learn that Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, several of whose translations are included in my anthology "Russian Literature Since the Revolution," do not share my views on the state of letters in the Soviet Union [*SRL* LETTERS Jan. 15]. It happens that in this volume of almost 1,000 pages, containing four novels, twenty short stories, nine excerpts from novels, twenty-two poems, and four essays, about forty translators besides Miss Deutsch and Mr. Yarmolinsky are represented. For all I know some, or all, of them may also feel the necessity of making similar public disclaimers. In justice to them, and to save them (and you) the trouble, I hereby wish to make it perfectly clear that as editor my sole concern in selecting material for the anthology was the *quality* of the translations and not the political, moral, esthetic, or philosophical vagaries of the translators.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

New York, N. Y.

Stieglitz—Marin

SIRS I am preparing a biography of Alfred Stieglitz—and I am desirous of collecting letters from him, anecdotes, and any other material pertaining to him that may be available.

I am also preparing a volume of letters and other writings of John Marin, American painter, and should be grateful for whatever documents relating to him may be available.

All material will be carefully returned by registered mail. Photostats of originals will be welcome in all cases.

DOROTHY NORMAN.

124 E. 70th St.
New York 24, N. Y.

Nothing New

SIR: Probably others of your readers have written you of what is for me today's small discovery.

Recently advertised in *SRL* were I. Qubes, billed as an "exciting new game for puzzle fans."

May I quote John Locke, late of the seventeenth century?

> I know a person of great quality . . . who by pasting on the six vowels on the six sides of a die, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that he shall win who, at one cast, throws most words on these four dice. ("Thoughts Concerning Education," § 151.)

The sun still shines on nothing new.

WILLIAM K. HUBBELL.

Lexington, Ky.

The Butcher Boy of Stratford

SIR: My recent communication relative to Oxford-is-Shakespeare elicited responses which evince and hypostatize the bigoted renitency usual in orthodox addicts. For the Stratfordian mythology has engendered a strange nympholepsy like a fanatical religion which is not amenable to reason or logic, and abrogates all scientific method.

The lay enthusiasts for the precocious butcher boy of Stratford have displayed of late not only an egregious lack of truth but of courtesy. To accuse me of falsehood in an intellectual discussion, as has Mr. Hoepfner, without specifying wherein I lied, seems like hitting below the belt. And when Mr. Humphreys implies

that humorists can never be taken seriously, a gentleman, even if an M. A., should know that a resort to personalities is the surest sign that the unparliamentary satirist feels insecure in his legitimate argument. No doubt he would question the accuracy of Charles L. Dodgson's "Treatise on Determinants" because he happened to write "Alice in Wonderland."

The redargution of my correspondents contains too many mistakes to correct in this space. But, to illustrate their general incompetency, I may hit a few high lights of ignorance. I am childishly taken to task by Mr. Hoepfner, for example, for including Edmund Spenser in a list of Elizabethan dramatists. He should read more carefully. Spenser's biographers all mention, amongst his missing papers, nine comedies. And Gabriel Harvey, an eminent critic of the era, must also have considered Spenser a dramatist, for in his letter he hopes that he himself will not be made fun of on the stage by his friend Edmund.

Mr. Hoy Cranston, too, has drunk none too deeply of the Pierian Spring. His amusing "proof" that the Stratford man was a writer because his bust shows him with a pen in his hand, gives one an insight into Mr. Cranston's limited erudition. For he should know that the monument in the Stratford church dates, in its present condition, only from 1748-49. It differs materially from the original bust as sketched by Dugdale for his book on Warwickshire published in 1656. That showed a sad, cadaverous gent with a long, drooping mustache, his arms awkwardly outangled, his hands resting on a cushion. *No pen.* Still another picture of that bust, or another, was the frontispiece to Nicholas Rowe's edition of Shakespeare, 1709. This differed from both the others, but also showed no pen in the hand of the Bard.

Mr. Cranston's assertion that Judith Shakspere "took from Stratford a bundle of MS to her own home" is a wild flight of fancy. It is supported by no known record. All we know is that when Thomas Quiney, her husband, after having been twice fined for keeping a disorderly house ("The Cage" tavern), disappeared from Stratford, an inventory of his goods itemed a box of books. No MSS are mentioned. The rest of the Cranston pseudo-information is mere conjecture.

But why break these silly butterflies on the wheel? The man who is acknowledged to be greatest living authority on Shakespeare's life has said the last word on the subject. Sir Edmund Chambers (*not* an Oxfordian), author of monumental volumes on the Elizabethan stage, published in 1930 his final documentary life of the Bard in two volumes, after years of preparation. This is his conclusion as to the Stratford man's career as a playwright in London:

> It is no use guessing. As in so many other historical investigations, after all the careful scrutiny of clues and all the patient balancing of possibilities, the last word for a self-respecting scholarship can only be that of nescience.

GELETT BURGESS.

New York, N. Y.

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Israel. *The long and tragic history of the Jews took a crtical turn late in the last century when a brilliant young Russian-born chemist named Chaim Weizmann assumed leadership in the movement to build a homeland for his people in Palestine. The growth of Zionism was accelerated by the flowering of nationalism in Europe and the persecution of Jews in Russia, German, and other countries; two weeks ago it reached a climax when the new State of Israel held its first elections. Dr. Weizmann gives his personal account of the struggle for Zionism in his important autobiography, "Trial and Error," reviewed this week. Light is thrown on other facets of this story by two books reviewed below: Joseph Tenenbaum's "In Search of a Lost People" and I. F. Stone's "This Is Israel." In "Teyve's Daughters," the great Yiddish humorist Sholom Aleichem recaptures the humanity of his people.*

Single Track to Zion

TRIAL AND ERROR: The Autobiography of Chaim Weizmann. New York: Harper & Bro. 1949. 498 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HANNAH ARENDT

THE great charm of this personal account of fifty years of history lies in one of those fortunate coincidences where biography and history become one. Dr. Chaim Weizmann can tell of his childhood in Russia in terms of the *Chibath Zion* movement (the forerunner of Zionism), of his early manhood in Germany and Switzerland in terms of the early Zionist Congresses in Basel, of his maturity in England in terms of the Balfour Declaration and the British Mandate in Palestine, and of this last year, when he sat down to tell the story of a life-long pursuit of one single goal, in terms of its accomplishment—the State of Israel.

The whole narrative is permeated with a stubborn determination never to lose this identification, despite the fact that the establishment of a Jewish state came about through the defeat of Dr. Weizmann's most cherished principles: cooperation with Great Britain (the cornerstone of his foreign policy) and insistence on the slow and "hard way," on the primacy of practical pioneer work over political actions (the foundation of his internal policy). Perhaps nothing illustrates his great political skill better than the way he handles a situation that has been taken out of his hands by his old political opponents, whom he hardly mentions by name, yet manages to remind of his old warnings against "short cuts" and the dangers of "seeking to live by a sort of continuous miracle." Dr. Weizmann makes it very clear that he does not consider his autobiography a last searching statement, rendered at the close of his life and written for eternity. It is, on the contrary, the story which a man, temporarily forced out of the political arena, chooses to tell at this particular moment and with certain political objectives.

The political purpose of the book is patent on and enlivens every page. It is only natural that it should also occasionally come into conflict with the historical truth. For reasons of expediency, Dr. Weizmann understates the role of Central European—specifically German and Austrian—Zionism, which had the queer misfortune to suffer defeat through the realization of its own goals (the most consistently pro-British section of the movement lost its significance when Great Britain was entrusted with the Mandate) and the fulfilment of its own prophecies (German Zionists, the most radical negators of the Jewish Diaspora, suffered as irreparable a loss of prestige in Palestine through Hitler's rise to power as German Jews in other countries of refuge). It is characteristic of Dr. Weizmann's kind of realism that he never thinks it his business to right this inevitable historical wrong, despite the fact that his own party in Palestine, the Progressive Zionists, is composed almost entirely of Central European immigrants.

—From an etching by Harry S. Moskovitz.

Chaim Weizmann—"few things ever interested him except Zionism and chemistry."

The same tendency to rearrange facts for the sake of political argument is visible in the treatment of the Balfour Declaration. In order to justify, in a completely changed situation, his long exclusively British orientation, he repeatedly stresses that "England felt she had no business in Palestine except as part of the plan for the creation of the Jewish Homeland" and that the only British opposition to the Balfour Declaration came from Mr. Montagu and other assimilated and influential Jews. Yet, his presentation itself contains the refutation of both statements: negotiations were started for the case that "Palestine [should] fall within the British sphere of interest" and with the argument of "the importance of a Jewish Palestine in the British imperial scheme of things"; and the colonial administration is pictured as pro-Arab and anti-Jewish from the beginning of the Mandate.

Such inconsistencies, however, are only the reverse side of Dr. Weizmann's great political gifts: his ability to adjust to circumstances, to find striking political slogans on the spur of the moment, his talent for quick repartee and for dealing with people of all classes and all countries. These explain the extraordinary career of this man, who succeeded in winning his place among the leading men of his time and, what was much more difficult, his place in British society as a complete outsider and with the help of no one—something which nobody, except Benjamin Disraeli, had ever accomplished before. Yet, as significant for the character of the man as his extreme adjustability and pliability is a hard core of unwavering purposefulness. Not only, as he says himself, have few things ever interested him except Zionism and chemistry, but everything and everyone he met in a long and rich life have been considered and, so to speak, classified according to this one purpose. For him science is not the eternal search for truth but the urge "to make something practical," an instru-

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ment for a well-defined task: the building of Palestine most of all, but also the possibility of that financial independence to which he owes so much of his political success, and, last not least, his unsurpassable entrance ticket to the international world.

What emerges therefore from the pages of this autobiography is not at all a life torn between political and scientific concerns, split painfully between the passions of scholar and statesman. It is rare, indeed, to witness so completely organic and integrated a life as that of Chaim Weizmann, whose main direction was fixed in early childhood and was never interrupted by the impact of personal experiences or historical events. The highlights of his private life—marriage, children, death of one son, the eye-disease of his later years—are mentioned with a curious restraint, as though the one purpose of his life never left the man any time or leisure to apply his gift for formulations to his personal experience. Could it be that this is why this book that makes such arresting and enjoyable reading lacks so completely that dimension of depth which alone could have given it greatness?

"Trial and Error" will certainly survive its great topical interest of the present moment and remain one of the major sources of contemporary history. In this edition, its usefulness is seriously marred by a thoroughly inadequate and inaccurate index.

Hannah Arendt, a long-time member of the Zionist movement, has contributed to Jewish Social Studies, Commentary, *the* Jewish Frontier, *and other publications. Before the war Dr. Arendt was chairman for France of Youth Aliya, an organization to take Jewish and other underprivileged European children to Palestine.*

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Wailing Wall."

Genocide and Lower Depths

IN SEARCH OF A LOST PEOPLE: The Old and the New Poland. By Joseph Tenenbaum. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1948. 312 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

OUR new word, genocide, will forever be linked with Poland. There the mass destruction of peoples plumbed the lowest depths of bestiality. Three and a half million Christians and an equal number of Jews were done to death. The monstrous number stuns the mind, as the obscene cruelty numbs the heart. How gladly would we forget it! If we ever do, we shall not deserve the name of human beings.

Dr. Tenenbaum tells once more, in sober prose, the tragedy that befell the Jews. He visited Warsaw, Cracow, Lodz, and Wroclav in a brief tour from April to June 1946. His impressions form a very small part of the book. The story of the Warsaw ghetto, told in much greater detail than the rest, is a third of the whole. A slightly larger portion reviews the history of the Jews in Poland, and of their long struggle towards a nationalism. The remainder goes into the ghastly details of the German camps of extermination.

Of the once flourishing Jewish culture of Poland little remains. Ninety thousand is given as the figure of survivors. They cling to Lodz, "the center of Jewish creative life," and Wroclav, "a Polish Madonna set in a German frame," and to the new lands of Silesia, which the fortune of war has placed in their hands.

The postwar anti-Semitism Dr. Tenenbaum ascribes to the "infamous" underground resistance to the Bierut Government, and to the Roman Catholic Church. He refers to the many Jews saved by Christian friends, but I recall no specific account of this.

The American policy in Poland is severely criticized. "Underground gangs" received "help and encouragement from the foreign governments." "These revelations led . . . to the retirement of United States Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane." "It is a sad fact," he continues, "that the murderers of Jews were lionized by the foreign representatives as patriots and fighters for democracy."

He says that Polish resentment of Secretary Byrnes's "aggressive speech of September 6, 1946," probably caused the overwhelming victory at the polls of the Government bloc. "Our

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Precarious Perch."

State Department," he writes, "seems to possess a special aptitude for losing friends and winning enemies." On another page, however, this vote is attributed to disgust with Mikolajczyk, whose Polish Peasant Party is called "a conglomerate of dissidents from all camps, notably from the rightist wings, representing disgruntled middle-class elements, conservatives, and anti-Semitic fellow-travelers." The Polish leader, now in this country in exile, is called a "vacillating, hesitant populist leader," "pussy-footing," "petty and vindictive."

Mikolajczyk's charge that the genocide of 10,000 Polish officers at Katyn was the work of the NKVD on Stalin's order, is directly opposed to Dr. Tenenbaum's version. The Germans, according to him, were the murderers.

Dr. Tenenbaum says that Russia is the savior of Poland, and he is right. Her friendly soldiers have helped the Polish peasants to sow their fields. But amid his praise for the aid of the Russians, I could find no reference to the twenty million dollars given by American Relief for Poland, or that of the American Red Cross, the Friends, Unitarians, and others, not to mention CARE.

Although on one page the author calls Silesia "the Promised Land of Jewish Poland," it is clear that he regards any rebirth on Polish soil as unrealistic. "This civilization has now been destroyed. . . . Yet the chain of

Erratum

The title of John Metcalfe's poem in *The Saturday Review* of January 29 should have been "St. Joan" rather than "St. John."

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existence of the Jewish people has not been broken completely. A new sun is rising. Jewish youth from Poland . . . are now fighting for Israel. . . . The eternal people, broken, shattered, decimated, yet alive with hope and imbued with zeal, are returning home."

Henry Noble MacCracken was chairman of the first National Council of Christians and Jews in 1946.

Laughter in a Czarist Ghetto

TEVYE'S DAUGHTERS. By Sholom Aleichem. Translated from the Jewish by Frances Butwin. New York: Crown Publishers. 1949. 302 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

ONE of the frequent complaints of persons (some of whose best friends are Jews, mind you) is that the Jewish people dramatize their misfortunes excessively. Like so many of the ethnic accusations the Jews have to refute, this one seems mistaken. If the eloquent statements of Jewish leaders in the political field are sometimes sonorous and oratorical, certainly the political tragedies with which they deal are so vast as to warrant a quite un-British emotionalism. In the day-to-day attitude toward his people's problems, however, the normal Jew is amazingly objective. Indeed, he accepts the most tragic facts with a sense of resigned humor, as though his people's calamities were beyond the pale of ordinary human experience and truly fit for the laughter of the gods. That attitude is reflected sharply in Jewish literature, and it is one of the finest aspects of the humor of Sholom Aleichem.

The period with which most of Sholom Aleichem's stories and sketches deal lends itself uniquely to his humor of resignation, his sadly smiling, shoulder-shrugging comment. The Jewish Russian villages around the year 1905 were experiencing the immediate effect of the abortive revolution. The reaction had set in with village pogroms and wholesale arrests. Yet the terror was not violent enough to destroy the intimate, personal life of the villages and to cause the migrations that destroyed family and community life for the Jews in the later Nazi persecutions. Sholom Aleichem was still able to depict his farmers, beggars, shopkeepers, and *schlemiels*, but their lives were now disrupted by the new generation's revolt, by the growth of the iconoclastic middle classes, by the degeneration of the orthodox Jewish mores.

The dramatic interest in these stories centers in the old pot-cheese-cream-and-milk dairyman Tevye and his struggle to marry off his flock of beautiful daughters to some advantage. For all his Talmudic knowledge, for all his shrewdness, and in spite of the intensity of his parental love, the girls are lost to him. Tzeitl spurns the rich butcher and runs off with a poor working man, to bear him children in happy poverty. Hodel follows a revolutionary student so that she may be near him while he serves a prison term. Another daughter, jilted by the son of a bourgeois rich family, kills herself. Beilke submits to an arranged marriage with an obscene old merchant, a profiteer, and lives in miserable luxury. All these Tevye forgives and understands. But Chava, the most beloved of all, marries a Gentile; and that Tevye cannot accept. For his religious principles are the core of this large-hearted, dreaming, impractical *schlimazel* of an old man, and so Chava ceases to exist for him except as a wistful, hurting memory in his heart.

The humor in Sholom Aleichem is always subdued, a bittersweet tincture of quiet laughter. Often, as in the sketches "What Will Become of Me?" and "Another Page from the Song of Songs," he deals lyrically and exquisitely with a dreaming adolescence. In "The Bubble Bursts" and "The Man from Buenos Aires" he portrays the peasant's bewilderment with the ways of modern business, with brokers and stock markets and telegrams and the compounding of rubles.

Occasionally the comic values depend on burlesque: the Toonerville trolley kind of train, for example, that leaves its cars behind and arrives only with a locomotive, thus averting an imported pogrom. Sometimes the stories are a distillate of tragedy; the portrayal, for instance, of the self-sacrificing old man in "An Easy Fast" who gently and literally starves himself to death.

A good deal of the incidental humor of Sholom Aleichem is lost in translation, as it must inevitably be lost. That is not the translator's fault. Jewish humor is so much a matter of intonation, so sensitively dependent on idiomatic meaning and vernacular, that there seems to be no way of conveying it satisfactorily on a printed page in translation. It requires acting out. If a comedian like George Jessel or Peter Donald or one of the others who have made a truly comic language out of the Jewish could read the stories to you, the humor would emerge clearly in the unique melodic line of their expression. As it is, most of the values of Sholom Aleichem have to percolate through to the reader in terms of ironic situation and generally satirical meaning.

And Vegetables

By Peter Viereck

AND! And! The all too And, the also-rans.
Is "still life" still? How gray are kitchen greens?
Turnips are stagehands (a ROSE is the queen of the scenes);
Use them for usefulness; dry them in footnotes or cans.

But an And is a brightness, green red yellow.
Parsleys so tender their tendrils flutter.
Lumbering fat-cheeked pumpkins, bovine-mellow.
Stone-hearted olives as con-man-smooth as butter.

The squat and boisterous potato-flower,
Most greedy of the throats that poach the sky,
Stuffed with starch and solar power,
Loads its abysmal fruits until they fly

Open like bombs the day the forks descend.
That old officiousness of bees
Serves us this heap of calm round perfect peas,
Polished a thousand years by gene and wind.

Sapless, in many a "Golden Treasury" pressed,
The two-dimension ROSE of love sleeps on,
While living Indies wake the West
With prodding coffee, jabs of cinnamon.

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Old-New Land

THIS IS ISRAEL. By I. F. Stone. Photographs by Robert Capa, Jerry Cooke, and Tim Gidal. New York: Gaer Assoc. 1948. 127 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

IT is less than nine months since the State of Israel has come into existence. Yet in this brief period Israel has met the two prime requisites of statehood—the ability to govern and the ability to defend its frontiers. It has survived the armed attack of the Arab League States. And during the storm and stress of war it has built a modern democratic state, a Socialist commonwealth.

Israel is the most eastern of the Western democracies. It has, indisputably, the most stable regime in the Middle East today. Its government is responsive to the will of the governed and, accordingly, receives the unswerving support of the people.

Visitors to this old-new land are impressed by the Socialist character of the government and its institutions. Histadruth, the General Federation of Jewish Labor, controls more than a fourth of the national economy. Its membership comprises nearly half of the adult population of the country. There is no party dictatorship in the new-born state. In fact, there are no fewer than twenty-five political parties in tiny Israel. Any suggestion of totalitarianism—Communist or Fascist—is repugnant to the Jewish masses.

The strongest political party in Israel is the Mapai, which is the very counterpart of the British Labor Party. They are sister parties in the Second Socialist International. The leaders of the Mapai and of the British Labor Party are men of similar backgrounds. They were schooled in kindred trade-union movements and studied from the same Marxian textbooks.

There was dancing in the streets of Tel Aviv, I was told, when the British Labor Party came to power in 1945. Today, ironically enough, it is conservative Winston Churchill and not the Laborites who has shown greater sympathy and friendship for the people of Israel.

How that handful of determined people—less than 700,000—on a tiny stretch of land that is Israel proved able to repulse the attacks of seven Arab states with a population of 30,000,000, how that modern David-Goliath miracle happened, is admirably told in "This Is Israel."

As correspondent for *PM* (and later for the *New York Star*), Mr. Stone had spent considerable time in Palestine. He went there in 1946 by "underground"—aboard an illegal refugee ship. He was in Palestine again in the spring of 1948 covering the early phase of the war for independence and the birth of the new state.

Here is the story, told briefly and captivatingly, of the genesis of Israel. The major part of the book deals with recent developments—the events immediately preceding and following the adoption of the Partition Plan by the United Nations General Assembly on November 29, 1947.

There are vivid descriptions of life in Israel during those tense months —the secret preparations for the battles to come; the threats by the Arabs; the departure of the British (the last words of the last British High Commissioner before leaving Palestine were, "This is good going-away weather"); the determination of the Jews, ill-equipped, outnumbered, forsaken by the Big Powers, to implement the partition themselves; and, finally, the fierce fighting that followed. This part of the narrative is based largely on first-hand observation and is sound, skilful reportage.

In other chapters Mr. Stone relates the origins and growth of the Zionist movement, the struggles of the early Jewish pioneers, their amazing reclamation of the neglected Palestine soil. It is an inspiriting record of the magnificent fight put up by a small group of idealists to translate an age-long dream into reality—the dream of a national homeland for the Jewish people.

"This Is Israel," despite its brevity, provides the necessary background for an intelligent understanding of today's headlines. The one flaw this reviewer finds with this otherwise flawless book is Mr. Stone's occasional lapses into a sort of *PM*-like partisanship. His disappointment with the vacillations of our State Department is doubtless justified. But his assertion that "far from supporting the UN report vigorously, the U. S. delegation permitted its indifference to become known to the states under American influence," can hardly be substantiated. Few of us who covered that session of the General Assembly will agree with him. Similarly, there is a tendency on Mr. Stone's part to gloss over the persecution of Zionists in Russia while praising the Soviets for their support of Israel in the UN.

Supplementing Mr. Stone's text are over a hundred photographs by top-notch cameramen Capa, Cooke, and Gidal. These superb photographs, alone, are well worth the price of the book.

I. D. W. Talmadge is foreign affairs editor for Scholastic Magazine.

—Jerry Cooke photo from the book.

Tel Aviv crowd awaiting statehood declaration—"most stable regime in the Middle East."

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Seeing Things

MAN AGAINST NATURE

"COURAGE," said Barrie, in that still-remembered Rectorial Address he delivered at St. Andrews, "is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children." "Unless a man has that virtue," insisted Dr. Johnson, "he has no security for preserving any other."

I quote Barrie, who quoted Dr. Johnson, because recently I have seen "The Secret Land,"* that stirring documentary about our Navy's latest Antarctic expedition. It set me thinking inescapably of Captain Robert Scott, the site of whose camp in these same frozen wastes is shown in the film. Thinking of Captain Scott, I had no other choice than to think of Barrie.

Why the two of them together, these men so different and so unalike in their kinds of courage? Because they were great friends. Because Scott had invited Barrie, the least likely of polar explorers, to sail southward with him on the *Terra Nova*, and Barrie had been tempted to go along, anxious as he was "to know what it is really like to be alive." Because Barrie contributed generously to financing the expedition. But most of all, of course, because in that tent in Antarctica, where the bodies of Scott and his two comrades were found, a penciled letter from Scott to Barrie was also discovered. The writing was still quite clear, though, as Barrie put it, towards the end some of the words trailed away as into the great silence that was waiting for these men.

"We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot," Scott wrote. "Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write you a word of farewell. I want you to think well of me and my end. As a dying man, my dear friend, be good to my wife and child. Give the boy a chance in life if the State won't do it. He ought to have good stuff in him. I never met a man in my life whom I admired and loved more than you, but I could never show you how much your friendship meant to me, for you had much to give and I nothing. Goodbye—I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a simple pleasure which I had planned for the future in our long marches. . . . We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . Later—*(here the words became indistinct)*—We are very near the end. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without."

When Scott wrote this letter, he and four companions had pushed their way to the Pole only to discover that Amundsen had been there ahead of them. On their way back to their camp illness, inadequate supplies, and the cruel coldness of the weather had compelled them to move slowly. On February 17, 1912, one of the men, Edgar Evans, a petty officer, had broken under the strain and died. A month later Captain Oates, too ill to go on, had wandered out into a blizzard alone, trusting by his death to lighten the burden of his companions. The weather, however, continued bad, and Scott, Dr. E. A. Wilson, and Lt. H. R. Burrows became prisoners in the tent in which they perished.

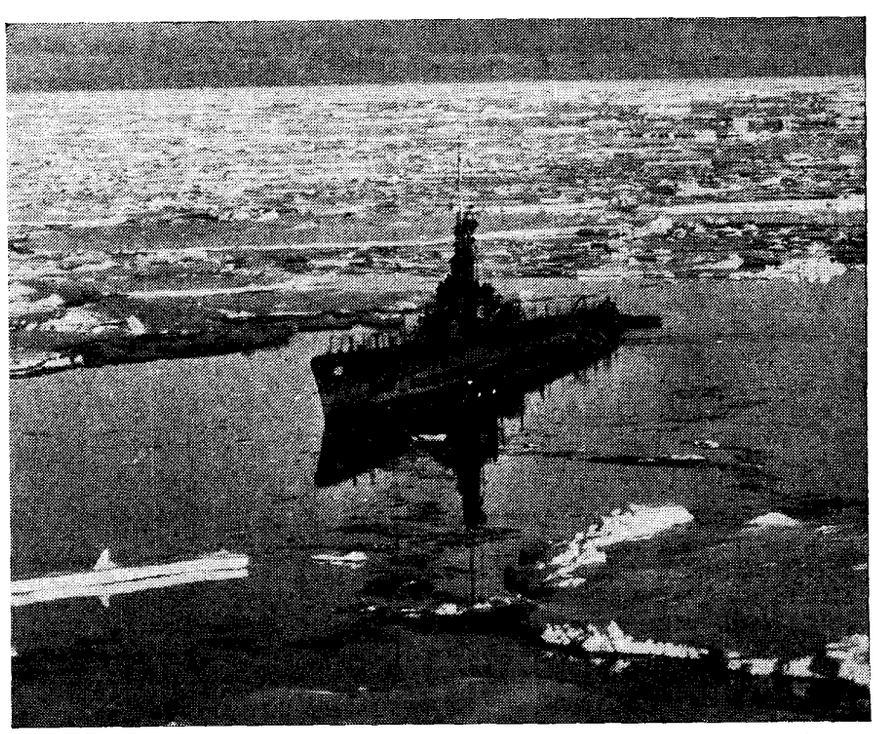
When word of their deaths reached England, Barrie sent Lady Scott a draft for a public statement describing the manner of their dying. It read, "Wilson and Burrows died first and Captain Scott enclosed them in their sleeping bags. At some unknown time thereafter he removed the fur coat from his shoulders, bared his chest, and, seated against the centre pole with his head flung back and his eyes wide open, awaited death. We know this because it was thus that the three were found when the search-party looked into the tent six months afterwards." *

The perils faced by Scott and his companions are those faced by each and all of the four thousand officers and men whose expedition to the Antarctic is recorded in "The Secret Land." Such dangers are the common lot of those who have it in their blood to do war with nature.

They are dangers that Admiral Byrd has invited again and again. They are dangers familiar to Nansen, Peary, Stefansson, Wilkins, Amundsen, MacMillan, Shackleton, and others of that dauntless company of moderns whose spirits have been magnetized by the pull of polar exploration. They are dangers which create a fellowship between the men we see

* *THE SECRET LAND. A Technicolor documentary of Operation Highjump, the Navy's expedition to Antarctica in 1946-47, under Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Admiral Richard H. Cruzen. Photographed by United States Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, and Army cameramen. Commentary written by Harvey Haiflit and William C. Park. Narrated by Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, and Van Heflin. Produced by Orville O. Dull. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

* *LETTERS OF J. M. BARRIE. Edited by Viola Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1947. 311 *pp.* $3.50.



The icebreaker *Northwind* to the rescue—"Marine-wise, always in the nick of time."

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in "The Secret Land" and Balboa, Magellan, Drake, Leif Ericson, the Greek and Roman settlers, and those first Phoenicians who elected to leave the comfortable security of their homes to head their ships across unknown waters to unknown lands. That is one reason why this film, featuring men and ships of the United States Navy in peacetime action, fills one not only with wonder at machines as machines or at the intricacies of highly complicated planning, but with pride at what men are as men.

The virtues of "The Secret Land" as a chronicle of exploration are much the same as those which that fine Navy film "The Fighting Lady" possessed as a record of combat. There is the identical sense of turning participant; of being ship- or airborne by the camera; of becoming acquainted with the crew, the problem, and the enemy. No doubt, the "log" has been subjected to a good deal of dramatic polishing. Unquestionably, certain sequences are the result of "retakes" cannily contrived to create a unity or a suspense that in actuality may have been different or lacking.

Why not? To make an interesting film of interesting events is in itself a problem. Wagner's contention that "art begins where reality ends" is beyond denial. It is applicable even to a documentary. It, too, must have been edited, selected, and arranged into an arbitrary pattern. It, too, requires a certain falsification in order to do justice to the truth which is its concern. The makers of "The Secret Land," for example, have been both wise and right in avoiding the monotony of a single narrator by relying on the varied voices of Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, and Van Heflin. They have been no less wise in their chaperonage of the camera and the details of the heroic saga which is theirs to photograph. Yet, in spite of their necessary nudgings and omissions and the heightened form their narrative takes, the feeling of actuality is there. It is excitingly, unmistakably there, giving the most timid of stay-at-homes the illusion of having ventured forth to share in the rugged challenges and hardships of men, eager and equipped to open new and hazardous frontiers.

The sources of the film's fascination are many. It has, for example, its definite revelations to make about the thoroughness with which our armed forces are preparing for Arctic warfare. It indicates how ardent is the world's search for those new resources imperative to the atomic age and those old ones of which our

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plundered planet will soon stand in need. As a most spectacular of *National Geographic* travelogues, as a demonstration of infinite foresight and masterly synchronization, and as a proof of the progress of science, it is equally absorbing. It shows us men winging their way at 300 miles an hour over plateaus of ice on which Scott, and even Byrd, in dogsleds considered themselves lucky to make three.

It permits us to see with a camera's eye, and with emotions not unknown to "stout Cortez [*sic*] . . . upon a peak in Darien," thousands of square miles, including unguessed lakes and dark mountain ranges rich in coal, which no man has looked upon before. It has penguins and seals as its comic relief. It has the unbounded sky as its cyclorama; an untouched continent, vivid in its colors, as its setting; and the icebreaker *Northwind* as a rescuer, arriving, Marine-wise, always in the nick of time. If as its villain it can claim nature with her sudden storms, her murderous indifference, and limitless obstacles, it offers man—the gob and the ground-crewman no less than the brass hat—as its hero. For suspense it provides the ever-present threat of death.

The nearness of the threat of death invariably sharpens the values of living. This is one of the ironies of that security which is everyone's hope. The menaced moment causes the blood to tingle and the perceptions to increase if for no other reason than that in it nothing is taken for granted. There are many moments of such open peril in "The Secret Land," even as almost every mile of the expedition was an invitation to danger. An officer dropped fifty feet by the snapped line of a breeches buoy into icy Antarctic waters, in which no mortal can live for more than eight minutes; the jet-propelled take-off of outsized planes from a carrier; the first landing in the snow of these same planes equipped with skis instead of wheels; the engine that conks out on a return flight to the base; the three young fliers who perish in a crackup; the saving of their companions who survived; the moments when the bulkheads of giant ships seem on the verge of being crushed like paper by the pressure of an unstoppable ice-floe—these are but samples of the risks which chart the action of "The Secret Land."

Much as we admire the machines, greatly as we are impressed by the organizational skill shown, rightly proud as we are made of our Navy, in the presence of such a quiet and constant display of courage we are forced to give our final respect to men. This kind of boldness is not, of course, the only manifestation of courage. Charles Lamb showed great courage of a totally different sort. So

do thousands of physically timid mortals faced with the challenge of living unhappy lives with gallantry. But, however commendable and necessary the fortitude may be that can meet and accept the testings of humdrum living, it is not the same sort of bravery which rushes out by its own choice to seek adventure. Fairly or unfairly, the latter always exerts the greater tug on our imaginations. Instead of meeting life on its own stern daily terms, it escapes from routine to defy death in ways both exceptional and melodramatic. It is this living with the "great de-fy" which lends a special exhilaration to "The Secret Land" and fills us, in the safety of motion-picture theatres, with admiration for those who made its filming possible.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Rivers of the West

By Roberta Teale Swartz

BEAUTIFUL muddy rivers of the West,
There was a time when waters crystalline
Haunted my mind
As the only kind
Of waters, running in wedding white and green,
Eager to lie beneath the ocean's breast.

Inscrutable, sultry rivers, under the vault
Of willows resting, wandering in your sleep!
No wind foresees
Transparencies
In you, or counts the stones along your deep.
Never shall lips of yours kiss the live salt.

Beautiful lazy rivers, brown, opaque,
The shadow of the Indian troubles your thickest mead;
The redwing flies
Across your eyes;
The shadow of the deer and of Johnny Appleseed
You will carry with you slowly into the lake.

Let no one ever say you are unblest,
O holy water, waters of mystery.
At the edge of the sand
I dip my hand
And touch to my forehead the drops of your history;
I commit to my heart the rivers of the West.

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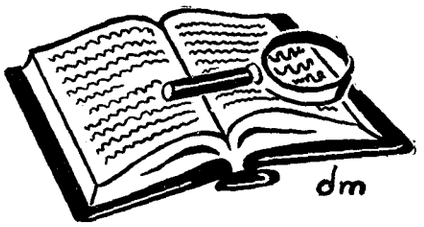
FICTION

(Continued from page 12)

mother of the boy, and the actively innocent Willkie Mayer—are so diligently revealed as to render their actions the logical outcome of lives that began before both the book and its hero, Stefan Miller. In fact, the book abounds in characters who live three-dimensionally in the context of their times.

And this brings me to Mr. Clewes's method of writing. He writes the way Cézanne paints—omitting all unessentials, integrating foreground with middle ground with background often within a single paragraph, moving swiftly and without a break from one scene to the next so that the relationships are preserved and action continued. As in Cézanne's painting, where there is no uninteresting corner, so here there is no lag, no dull scene inserted for its own sake or merely to show the author's powers of display. This is an intense, serious, compelling book.

The book is somewhat shy on color (local, if you like) and rather distressingly so on texture, so that frequently it reads like notes jotted down on a case history; it makes news casting out of what should have been symbolic; it tries too hard to be real. In fact the dialogue is so convincing that it detracts from the essential struggle of the story.



Sub-humans

THE WALL AND OTHER STORIES. By Jean-Paul Sartre. New York: New Directions. 1948. 270 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

IT SEEMS that the ubiquitous Jean-Paul Sartre, currently represented on Broadway with a tedious melodrama, "Red Gloves," and in the book marts with two novels, books of criticism, a movie scenario, and some published plays, has still another label to append to his fabulous reputation —short-story writer. Still we wonder if Mr. Sartre could not have done very nicely without adding this volume of short stories to his credit. And is it to his credit? Since we already know him to be almost as persuasive as he is prolific, there is little reason for this collection of his more inferior writings to be published.

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or blush on occasion. In fact, there is such a callous disregard here and there for the sensitive eye or ear that, because of the lavish and handsome format of the volume, some readers are going to think they have picked up, quite by accident, one of those expensive unexpurgated volumes which come under the heading of pornographia.

The title story, "The Wall," might easily have been called "The Anatomy of Fear." It is positively chilling the way Sartre, in this least contrived piece in the book, exposes every element of fear, physical and mental, revealing at once the animality and the dignity in man as three Loyalist men await execution in their cell during the Spanish Civil War. The other stories are more unpleasant, but less effective, dealing with varying stages of psychoses among two married couples, a revolting paranoid murderer, the type Sartre seems to have dealt with more successfully elsewhere, and an anti-Semite who is drawn so blackly that we are forced to turn to Mr. Sartre's own nonfictional treatment on the subject, "Anti-Semite and Jew," for a more balanced psychological study.

At best this assortment makes up a curiosity piece for the curious, and no more. As for the general reader, or even Sartre's real admirers, there can only be dismay or bewilderment. Perhaps we may attribute this unfortunate performance to bad timing or the monotony that may have set in at the appalling regularity of Sartre's name appearing in print. The greatest disappointment of all waits in store for those who have contended that Sartre does not write so much about the subhuman as he does about the subconscious life of the modern individual.

Bohemond Seeking His Heritage

WINE OF SATAN. By Lawrence Gay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 308 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

SOMETIME in the eighth century of the Christian Era those Scandinavians who called themselves the "Vikinger" or "creek men" gave up the relatively sedentary life of farming, local warfare, and commerce, and came raiding in their dragon ships, first to burn and pillage, and then to conquer and settle.

They went far and wide. It may be only legend that Northman runes were carved in Minnesota, but it is plain fact that these Vikings discovered Greenland and settled Iceland, and that under Hrolf, their far from little Rollo, they converted northern France into Normandy. It is likewise true that because of this new outburst of energy the kings of England have ancestors who worshipped Odin and Thor, that there is Norman architecture, and that there are Norman mosaics in Cefalú and Palermo.

But even this was not journey's end for these litigious blond athletes who always justified their rapine and their conquests with the subtlest of legal justifications. The conqueror of southern Italy was one Robert Guiscard (Guiscard = Wiscard, *i.e.*, Robert the Wiseacre) and Robert had one wholly Norman son, Bohemond. Deprived of his rightful heritage by his half-Lombard brother Borsa or "Clutchypurse," this Bohemond sought a heritage elsewhere—in the East, with which he was already familiar as his father's lieutenant; in the first, and really Norman, crusade.

This novel is the story of his seeking this heritage. It is the story of his duel with the able, but ruthless Alexius Comnenus. It is the story of how, by skill and treachery—Norman qualities both—he carved out the principality of Antioch. It is also the story of his lovely affair with Zoe Ridelle, whom he had rescued from horrible slavery when she was a small girl. Thus it is both a chronicle and a love story, a modernized saga and the background for one of Boccaccio's questions of love.

On the whole, it is a very good and pleasing book, though not without fault. Speaking as one who has some familiarity with boats, I doubt very much that a fleet including round ships could travel "fully fifteen miles each hour of sunlight." The very fastest clippers never surpassed eighteen knots. Nor do I like Zoe's calling Bohemond "Bo"—it is as if you addressed Julius Caesar as "Julie"—nor Dohemond telling his cousin Tancred to "take that storm cloud off your puss." It is as bad as the opposite failing of "Odds bodikins" and "Gadzooks."

But these are small defects in a book that has color, background, descriptiveness, suspense, and an array of vivid characters. Make no mistake about it: it does not attain the stature of a classic. But as go our historical novels of today, it is a notable example. And it is certainly one to read.

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What Happened at Sandy Creek in '64

THE GREAT BETRAYAL. By Dorothy Gardiner. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 305 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a somewhat fictionized narrative of one of the more shameful episodes in the long and bloody story of the white man's handling of the first race problem he encountered in the New World, whence he had fled, he said, to escape the injustices of the Old.

It tells the story, graphically and memorably, of what happened at Sandy Creek, sometimes called Big Sandy, late in 1864, when a regiment of Colorado volunteer cavalry, known as the Hundred Dazers from their term of enlistment, wiped out an encampment of friendly Indians, slaughtering and scalping scores of squaws and papooses in the name of freedom and to the greater glory of their God.

Miss Gardiner went to the records, of which there are plenty, for her details, and this reader, who knew of the massacre only because of his lifelong interest in the Indian tragedy, put the book down convinced of its painstaking and painful accuracy. No effort is made to spare anybody's feelings in the careful description of how the valiant men of the Colorado Territory conducted themselves in what they said was a battle, under the leadership of a semi-preacher named Chivington, a cowardly giant.

Why did it happen, this outburst of savagery on the part of supposedly civilized people? Well, Indians smelled bad, says Miss Gardiner, and besides they did a little mass-murdering on their own at times, not sparing women and children, either. But more than anything else they were in the way of a nation pushing toward the Pacific, and bringing with it the realistic philosophy, born on the Atlantic a couple of hundred years earlier, that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Exaggerated, of course, but pragmatic and useful.

There are citations from the documents, especially the record of the court martial that followed the massacre and attempted to bring its perpetrators to a kind of justice, scattered throughout Miss Gardiner's book to give it verisimilitude. But the apparent truth of her character drawing shows her talent as a novelist rather than as a mere researcher, and her people, villains and just human beings alike, are all recognizable and credible.

The framework of the story is the life of one Kendall Lobach, a banker, who is unhappily married to a dull, selfish, fat female at the beginning. He is in love with a glamorous cafe entertainer, and before the tale is told happily married to her, while he continues to pile up money in a variety of enterprises. There are other love stories, including the brief romance of Captain Soule, who besides being a soldier was provost marshal of Denver, and who was murdered after three weeks of married life by agents of Chivington, whom he hated with all the hatred of a decent man for a skunk.

Miss Gardiner has brought her place, her time, and her people vividly to life, and with no word of preaching has told a story that contains its own moral lesson, quite as badly needed at this moment as it has been since pithecanthropus first decided to be erectus.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 293

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 293 will be found in the next issue.

QHHEWQDSU, FUTQDJHO.

QDT TEWCQJYIC QHU JXU

ESSKFQJYEDQB TYIUQIUI EV

JXEIU MXE IFUDT JXUYH

BYLUI TYHUSJYDW JXU

YDJUBBUSJI EV JXU OEKDW.

—XUDHO IUYTUB SQDRO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 292

The mystic sees the ineffable, and the psycho-pathologist the unspeakable. —MAUGHAM.

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From a Psychiatrist's Case-Book

WHICH WAY OUT. By C. P. Oberndorf, M.D. New York: International Universities Press. 1949. 236 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

DR. OBERNDORF has long been known as a writer in his professional field of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, and his special interest in literature gave rise to his studies on Hawthorne and Oliver W. Holmes, marked by the publication in 1943 of his book "The Psychiatric Novels of Oliver Wendell Holmes." In the present volume, "Which Way Out," Dr. Oberndorf ceases to be the commentator of others' fiction, and in a series of eleven well-told tales marks his own maturity as an author of tales and realizes his aspiration of joining the numerous colleagues, headed perhaps as their dean by Dr. Anton Chekhov, who are both physicians and authors. For the book is not to be considered merely as "another book by a doctor" or a naive autobiography. It is a serious literary effort that may be judged accordingly.

Dr. Oberndorf hitches his wagon to Chekhov's and Conan Doyle's star, tying his stories together in the form of the Zapiski, the "notebook" or "case-book" form that was favored by those authors. The "hero," to call him that for want of a better word, is Dr. Ben Ford, an American psychiatrist, whose professional life follows a very familiar pattern. We are introduced to him as an interne at Bellevue Hospital, where we learn that he has a curiosity about people rather than about illnesses, which leads him in the first story, or event, or "case history," called "Christmas Dinner," to find the true reason why a man entered the hospital to have a shrunken finger amputated. We find Dr. Ford in the next story, "The Bottle of Champagne," with his fellow graduate students from America, seated in the Pschorrhaus in Munich, among the steins, wurst, and white radishes, telling them of the girl admitted to Kraepelin's clinic because she had dashed a bottle of champagne over her stepmother's fresh grave. Dr. Ford has begun to be interested in what he has heard of Freud and psychoanalysis. The next story, "The Boarders," finds him working in a state hospital, learning to appreciate sincerely the importance of the men in the State Hospital Service, to whom this story is a tribute, and learning, too, about many ordinarily unnoted facts of life in social layers hitherto not within his view.

The next stories find him in private practice; some time during them his practice has shifted to psychoanalysis. These latter stories are from the "case-book," sprinkled with some of the dust from the Chekhov star. "Through Forever" is about the couple, strongly bound in their illicit love despite mutual hostility, grievances, and injuries, who are "through forever," only to be the more irrevocably together. "The Will," the story of a father and a son and their reciprocal ambivalence, unobtrusively presents one of the psychoanalytic paradoxes of the family relationship and the power of the unconscious. "The Busy Doctor" tells of a neurotically determined love entanglement. In the best tradition the psychological background is more suggested than filled in. "The Visitor," the least subtle of the stories, relates the provocations that lead to the suicide of a lonely woman. "The Gallant Father," told by Dr. Ford in the setting of the Paris boulevard cafes and "Father's Baby Girl," as their titles indicate, are stories of a father and daughter, or rather the subsequent and unrecognized, often fateful, end results. "The Gun" is the story of a suicidal man who turned down an offer to be shot. The last story, "Christmas Card," is a good-humored account of how Dr. Ford performed a "miracle," or had an extraordinary piece of good luck, and cured a woman of a hysterical paralysis, to the tune of a New England village's hard-headed skepticism.

These tales are stories first of all and the psychiatry is restrained and ordinated with the narrative purpose. The doctor who links them is inquiring, contemplative, unobtrusive, philosophic in the best sense, and the stories mark his progress from eager curiosity to mature wisdom.

"Um-m-m! 'What well-known pharaoh has gone *pfft* with what lady of his choice?'"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "You Can't Take It with You," by Kaufman & Hart. 2. "The Postman Always Rings Twice," by James Cain. 3. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 4. "Rhubarb," by H. Allen Smith. 5. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. 6. "The Story of Webster," by P. G. Wodehouse. 7. "The King of the Cats," by Stephen Vincent Benét. 8. "archy and mehitabel," by Don Marquis. 9. "The Duel," by Eugene Field. 10. "Tobermory," by Saki.

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IT'S MURDER

(*Continued from page 9*)

disabilities: political bias, class bias, minority bias. The misfortune of Sacco and Vanzetti was to suffer from all three at the same time. That is the real background explaining why the favorable evidence of witness Gould, who stood so close to the scene of the crime that a bullet passed through his coat, was excluded as "merely cumulative."

Socially even more significant than excessive and unjust punishment is the absence of prosecution. A gangster in New York who in the early Thirties won the state title of "Public Enemy Number One" was responsible, along with his associates, for some 135 murders. The charge on which he was tried, however, was income tax evasion. A "jury of his peers" acquitted him (though shortly afterwards his real peers shot him dead). A few years before this, in connection with the highly organized vice industry which flourished in Boston unmolested, more than fifty murders were committed, none of them being prosecuted.

History in textbooks records mostly murders of the type which the French term *magnicides,* meaning murders of "big" people—kings and presidents, rulers and leaders. But the vast majority of murder victims are little people. The murdered man is the forgotten man. What with sensational discussion of the abnormal psychology of the murderer, we have failed to emphasize the unprotectedness of the victim and the complacency of the authorities. One cannot understand the psychology of the murderer if one does not understand the sociology of his victim. What we need is a science of victimology.

WE should, at least, get rid of the romantic idea of murder symbolized in the gesture of an assassin with raised dagger firmly gripped in his hand. The typical modern gesture of murder is different. It was first described by an eyewitness when thousands of people were killed following an uprising of the French people after the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. As the prisoners were marched past him an officer made a motion of his hand to the right or to the left, with no word spoken. Those who went to the left were killed at once. This identical scene has been described more recently by witnesses who saw Gestapo victims disembarking from cattle trains in Poland. An SS man stood as they passed, pointing to left or right without a word. His gesture meant for those on the one side labor camps, for the others the gas chamber.

An individual act of murder exists against a background of victimization of many people. Homicide is only a part of the general problem of preventable deaths. In an excellent statistical study of homicide prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, it is stated that "economic considerations . . . are most profound and far-reaching, although the relation between them and homicide is very subtle and highly complex." With extreme cases, such as the extermination of millions in Nazi gas chambers, this relationship is not so "very subtle."

Economic factors, more or less clearly defined, play a role in all preventable deaths. Within ten years after the creation of the Belgian Congo Free State the population of certain areas decreased seventy per cent. One small district was reduced from 5,000 inhabitants to less than 600. Another district which "in the early days of civilized rule" had 40,000 people slipped to less than 7,000. Starvation, murder, and torture were to blame. Altogether, within a decade, ten millions had been wiped out from a native population of twenty million. The responsibility for all these deaths and murders was distributed over the world—along with the dividends.

In 1947, 17,000 Americans were killed on their jobs in industrial accidents. Many of these deaths were preventable. In the winter of 1947-48, for instance, a dust explosion occurred in an Illinois mine killing 111 people. The miners had known of this danger for years, had indeed warned the authorities about it. One miner wrote to the Governor five years before this explosion: "Please save our lives. Please make the Department of Mines and Minerals enforce the laws before we have a dust explosion."

To assuage its guilt over the many thousands of preventable deaths and to justify their existence and continuation, society sometimes uses—or rather misuses—psychiatry. In a recent popular book on psychosomatic medicine read by the leisure class when satiated with whodunits, it is stated that "at least eighty per cent of those accidents are due to psychological causes." "The close student of human behavior," it explains, "discovers a pattern in the confusion, and instead of accidents he finds

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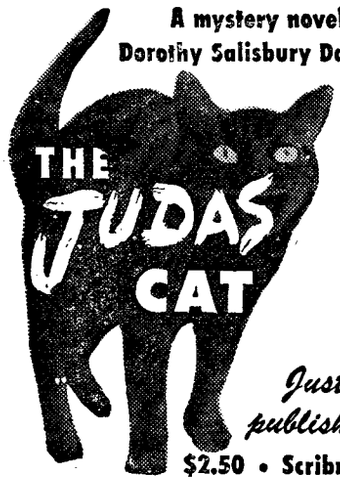

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'accidentitis'." All the blame is thus put on the victims who are supposed not to be "normal." This is Freud traduced, and the people with him.

In an Eastern state in the early Thirties about three times as many Negroes died of tuberculosis as white people. About ten times as many were the victims of homicide. About nine times as many were executed.

Statistics of this type are not too accurate. Probably the facts are even more unfavorable. But supposing only half of it were true. We do not like to think these things through to their logical conclusion. But the time will come when there will be a name for these preventable deaths, and that name will be *murder.* Such statistics then will be called geese flying the mathematics of murder.

It seems clear that we live in a period of general devaluation of life. When Napoleon announced the Continental blockade he felt it necessary to excuse himself for its effect on "private persons" and characterized the measure as reminding one of "the barbarism of distant centuries." One hundred years later, in World War I, the strategists of starvation felt no such excuse necessary either during the war or afterwards. By the time of World War II the procedure was cut and dried.

"Who shall heal murder?" asks Byron in his "Cain." There is no healing murder. The real problem is prevention. That requires not only the changing of man but the changing of conditions, the modification not only of individual impulses but of social institutions. The question is not only why one does it, but how one justifies it. Those dangers of violence that threaten us come not from the heads of individual men but from social circumstances. Murder is an embolus. The disease lies elsewhere. It is not so much a matter of episodic violence as a continuous violation of the dignity and value of human life, which even now is no more than a vaguely professed ideal.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GIVE UP THE GHOST *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Mass murder along classical lines in English manufacturing town embroils Scotland Yarder Finch with inextinguishably proud local family.	Finch's penetrating of "Equaliser's" gory pattern aptly handled, with scads of rather reminiscent horror and outcome that leaves clan haughty as ever.	Good British Gothic
BLUE HARPSICHORD *David Keith* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Fatal bopping of Sutton Place milliner (bookbinding taken in) puts young Latin professor in tough spot—from which he escapes adroitly.	Good to see really literate job turning up so early in year. Fast, furious, fantastic, funny, well-characterized, and trickily plotted.	Grade A
DUET OF DEATH *Hilda Lawrence* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Brace of hackle raisers about people in danger of violent death and how they escaped it without calling in cops.	Highly atmospheric horror-suspense tales—American scene—whose clever typographical juxtaposition is not quite equaled by plot ditto.	Fair
DARK WANTON *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Stolen lists of war criminals sought by Quayle of British Secret Service—and found, after considerable spectacular double-crossng and slaying.	Agile brains, steely nerves, and icy hearts of assorted plotters keep tale popping until surprise (and slightly unfair) ending.	Good thriller
DEATH DRAWS THE LINE *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Strange studio slaying of dipso creator of adored comic-strip character plunges feature editor and nice gal into terrible tangle.	Something doing every second in this lively, pungent, satisfactorily melodramatic, and ably plotted item—with satirically explanatory "comics" thrown in.	Extra good

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The Film Forum

MUSIC FILMS (2)

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

STORY OF A VIOLIN
Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Obtainable from N.F.B., 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. In color. (20 mins.)

This film is unique in that it shows, stage by stage, how a violin comes to be built, and as such is especially useful in interesting children in the story of the instruments they are learning to play and enjoy. The framework of the film is very simple. Twelve-year-old Bill breaks his violin in a friendly tussle with his playmates—and they, feeling guilty about the accident, club together to buy him a new one. While the weeks pass and Bill and his friends go about their daily lives, the old violin maker is bringing to the construction of Bill's instrument all the love and skill which he has inherited from the European craftsmen who first perfected the art.

The central part of the film consists of a long animated sequence which shows a violin springing apart into its separate elements, each of which receives a name on a card. The structure of the violin is thus clearly explained.

"Story of a Violin" was produced by Eugene Kash, concert violinist and head of the Film Board's music section, and it is he who accompanies the animated sequence on his fiddle in Bach's Gavotte in E from the Violin Sonata No. 6. The sound recording is good, but the color is medium to poor.

CARMEN
A condensation of Bizet's opera, produced at the Royal Opera House, Rome, and distributed by Official Films, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (25 mins.)

One of a long series of potted operas produced in Italy, "Carmen" is a laudable attempt to make the world's most popular opera equally popular on the screen. By using different actors and singers for each part, and combining the voices and lip movements by post-synchronization, the producers planned to make the best of both worlds—the voices of mature singers, the appearance of young and handsome actors. Olin Downes, famous music critic and composer, supplies a brief commentary to explain the plot.

It cannot be said that all these excellent intentions have been realized in "Carmen." The condensation into twenty-five minutes of film is so excessive that little of the plot remains, and the *verismo* for which the opera became famous disappears under a heap of gorgeous stage trappings. However well the singers may look in repose, their distorted grimaces in close-up make many of the arias look rather ridiculous. And lastly the narrator breaks in most disturbingly on several emotional scenes.

Nonetheless, the opportunities of hearing opera are for most people so slender that any attempt to bring it to the home and school screen is welcome. The voices in "Carmen" are fine and resonant, and are quite faithfully recorded on the 16mm. sound track. Moreover, enough of Bizet's magnificent score remains to give the audience some idea of the enthusiasm which a good performance of "Carmen" always creates.

LISTEN TO THE PRAIRIES
Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Availability: See above. (20 mins.)

A CITY SINGS
A short version of "Listen to the Prairies." (10 mins.)

At the opposite end of the musical scale from "Carmen" we find this unassuming narrative of the part which music plays in the life of a typical prairie city, Winnipeg. As the annual Manitoba Musical Festival comes round, we see the city's youngsters busily preparing their parts in choruses and orchestras, solo performances, Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Here and throughout the film, the stress is on music.

The festival begins. The performers are nervous, then gradually relax. The judges go into learned huddles. In a series of brief vignettes, we see a number of well-known choral societies and a group of young performers, several of whom have already made their mark in the musical world in the three years since this film was produced.

In the final sequence the audience does indeed "listen to the prairies" as the magnificent music of a chorale from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" floats out over the vast stretches of the plain and its wheat fields, where another harvest of the future is gathering.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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by DAY KEENE
Blackmailed and charged with murder, screenwriter Robert Stanton said he'd been framed. The police said he was framed in guilt. But was he? Mill-Morrow

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

SO IS YOUR ANTE-BELLUM

WHEN the nation counted seventy-five millionaires among all its citizens, which is going back some hundred years, eleven of them lived in Natchez, a city which sits on the Mississippi across the river from Louisiana. Natchez's millionaires were the highest priced eleven seen around until Steve Owen started fielding the New York Giants professional football team; and they set about proving it to everyone by building some of the biggest houses this side of the Polo Grounds. Stanton Hall, for example, a shack which was built in 1851, was entirely furnished of materials brought from France on a chartered ship.

Some thirty-three great ante-bellum homes still exist in somewhat shabby grandeur around Natchez. Like the great chateaux of the French valley of the Loire, they sit somewhat uncomfortably in the middle of the twentieth century like a grand gentleman who has worn his 1912 tuxedo to a 1949 party at which everyone else is informal.

The South's great symbols of wealth and power are as empty today as the Azay-le-Rideau, Chenonceaux, and Chambord in the Touraine. But once every year the citizens of Natchez dress up in hoopskirts and crinoline and throw open the ancient houses for the annual Natchez Pilgrimage. With a nostalgic sigh Natchez holds Confederate balls, plantation dinners, historical pageants, and the town rocks with spirituals.

This year's pilgrimage will begin March 5 and run through April 3, a season when the city's gardens are abloom with camellias and azaleas. The pilgrimage is, I might add, a direct result of a meeting of a Natchez garden club, proving that good ideas do grow from garden-club meetings, Helen Hokinson notwithstanding.

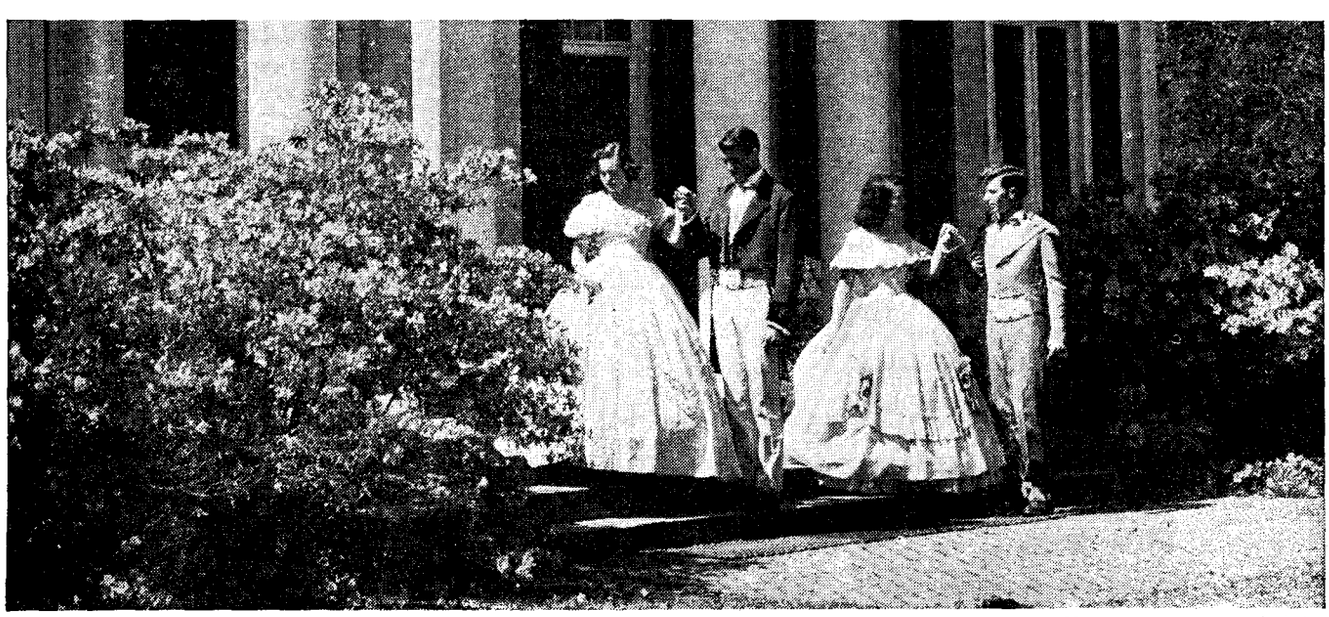
Tours of the ante-bellum homes are conducted each morning and afternoon, and ten homes a day is par for the course. You'll have to stay on for three days to see them all. Tours cost $3.90 tax included, $3.25 if you buy four or more tickets at a time, and one-half of either rate if you happen to be a student. An advance dispatch from Mississippi states that the homes open this year include The Elms, which was built in 1782; Longwood, an octagonally-shaped mysterious house, construction of which was halted by the Civil War; Elmscourt, known as the House of a Thousand Candles; the Briers, where Jefferson Davis married Varina Howell; Connelly's Tavern, where Aaron Burr and Brennerhasset held their clandestine rendezvous; Rosalie, which was Gen. Grant's CP during the occupation of the city; and the aforementioned Stanton Hall.

Natchez sits astride the Old Man River Trail, more formally known as U. S. Route 61, the low road from Memphis to New Orleans. You can rent a hotel room, a tourist court, and a room in a private house or in a private ante-bellum mansion by writing ahead to Natchez Pilgrimage, Natchez, Mississippi.

Rolling south to Natchez on Route 61 you will, like Grant, run into Vicksburg, the siege city on the bluffs. Vicksburg National Military Park, a reservation of some 1,300 acres, contains original trenches, fortifications, and earthquakes, being, altogether, one of the best marked battlefields in the world.

Coming from the southeast, let's say from Florida to Kansas City, you can roll along U.S. Route 90, the Old Spanish Trail across Mississippi's Gulf Coast, the Confederate Côte d'Azur. It was, as a matter of fact, a Frenchman—Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville—who established a colony in 1699 near what later became the city of Biloxi. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the expedition sent by Louis XIV will be celebrated in Biloxi beginning April 7. You can get there via the omnipresent American Express Company, which is organizing tours to the Gulf Coast—ten days from New York, $169; and eight days from Chicago, $144.50, both plus tax.

AS LONG as you're in the neighborhood you might as well drop in at Pascagoula, the most easterly of Mississippi's Gulf Coast cities, and listen to the Singing River. The river, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico just west of the city, hums like a huge swarm of bees, a peculiarity unexplained by science or Ripley. The scientists are undecided



—*Mississippi A. & I. Board photo.*

Natchez, Miss.—". . . like a grand gentleman who has worn his 1912 tuxedo to a 1949 party at which everyone else is informal . . ."

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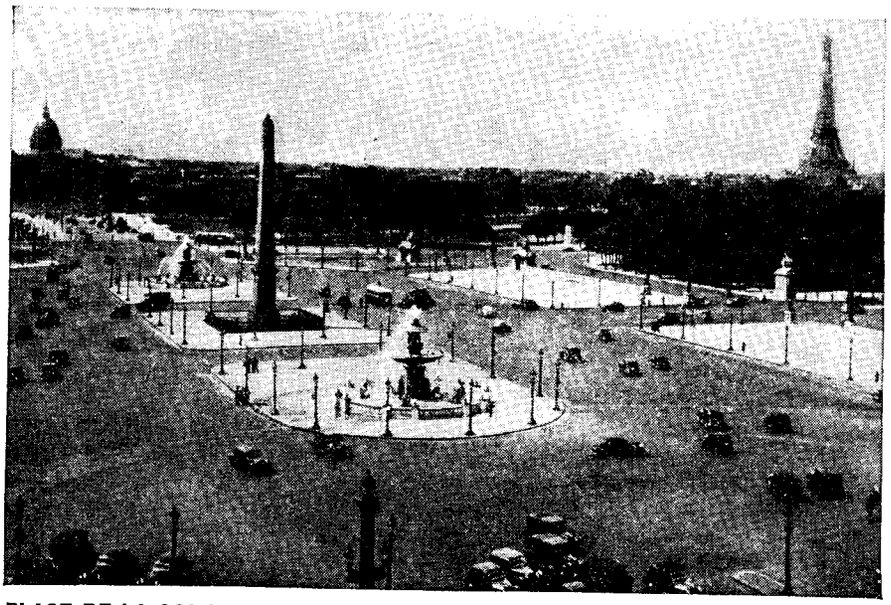
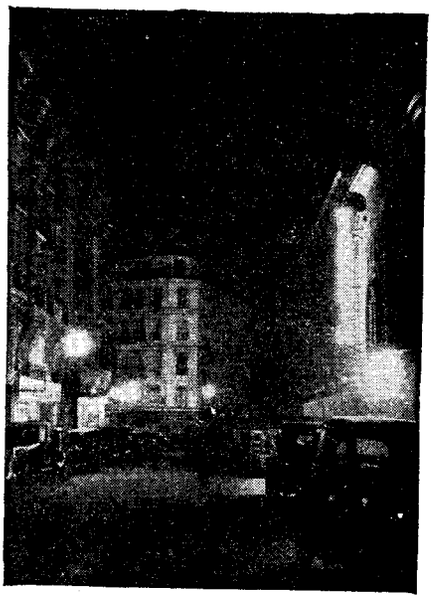


PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, site famous in French history, lies at the foot of the sweeping Champs-Elysees. At its northwest corner is the U. S. consulate. Across the Seine is Chamber of Deputies; beyond: *Invalides* (where Napoleon lies) and Eiffel Tower.



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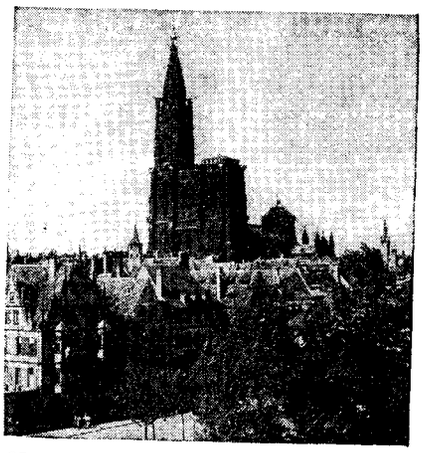

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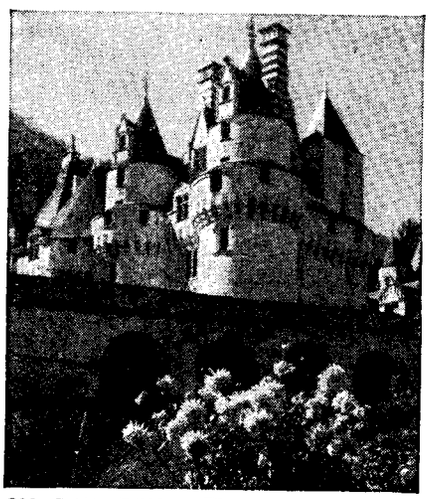

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whether the music is made by a species of fish, the grating of sand on the hard slate bottom, a current sucked past a hidden cave, or natural gas escaping from the sand beds. There is another theory involving the Pascagoula Indians, a handsome tribe, and the Biloxis, a jealous if more powerful aggregation. A Biloxi princess named Miona was engaged to Otanga, a Biloxi chieftain, but secretly she loved Olustree, a chieftain of the Pascagoula, see? This teepee triangle soon wound up in a skirmish in which the Pascagoula were hopelessly outnumbered. Facing subjection to the Biloxis, the Pascagoula tribe, led by their women and children, chose suicide instead, and marched into the river chanting their song of death until the last voice was stilled by the dark waters. It's a nice story, but who can believe it?

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

IRAN, PAST AND PRESENT. By Donald N. Wilber. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 234 *pp.* $3.

In case you are one who can't tell Iran from Iraq any better than you can distinguish between the Toni twins, Mr. Wilber is on hand to remind you that Iran is the land which we, in geography class, once referred to as Persia. He devotes a third of the book to history, and the rest to a full, if academic report on the people, the government, and the commerce. Nobody's traveling to Iran on a lark these days, but Mr. Wilber's capable effort will be interesting to GI's of the late Persian Gulf Command, to oil men with Middle-Eastern ideas, and to geopoliticians, who I'm sure have already noted that Iran sits on at least part of the southern border of the USSR.

DOWN THAT PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY. By Roger Stephens. New York: Roger Stephens Publisher, Inc. 1949. 352 *pp.* $7.50.

If you have any intention of traveling down that Pan American Highway, save room—lots of it—for Mr. Stephens's meticulous chronicle of his thirty-two-day trip from the Rio Grande to the Panama Canal. It cost him all told $140.14, and he has recorded every peso and every bead of perspiration in this huge, fat, heavy volume. No doubt, Mr. Stephens's junket makes interesting reading, but how many people will follow in his car tracks is another story. He gives you advice on such local attractions as malaria, snakes, scorpions, and extreme dysentery. If you're still game he gives you the word on how to operate in Latin America on horseback, muleback, oxcart, and by private car. The back of the book has a portfolio of local menus, reproductions of letters of advice from the AAA. The *inside* of the dust jacket has a map and distance tables in kilometers and miles. In fact everything is here except the necessary visas, tourist cards, the inclination, and the cash.

I'LL TAKE NEW ORLEANS. By John Lester. New Orleans: Bachelor House. 1948. 125 *pp.* $2.50.

A collection of Mr. Lester's best columns from the *New Orleans Item*, composed in short, punchy, phrases rather like free verse. They include mood pieces on the day after Mardi Gras, and that typical cliche of the columnists, the "I like . . ." round-up of personal tastes, which in this particular case includes everything from the French market to the octoroon girl who walks naked on a rooftop. With illustrations by Tilden Landry.

We Said It

(From *SRL*'s review Dec. 20, 1947, of "Natchez on the Mississippi" by Harnett T. Kane. New York: William Morrow. 1947. 373 pp. $4.)

"Visitors to the Deep South who have wondered about the fine old mansions in and near Natchez can find answers to many of their questions in Harnett T. Kane's 'Natchez on the Mississippi'. . . .

"Mr. Kane's volume reflects considerable research plus careful observation. He found residents of some of Natchez's old homes living in splendor, and others living in squalor. He questioned them about their places, and then he turned to official records and newspaper files. Before starting his book he read many other books and consulted old documents. . . .

"While Mr. Kane certainly has made no effort to suppress glamor, he has been more restrained in his description of the Natchez houses than some of the guides through the old mansions during the annual spring pilgrimage. . . ."

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BERLIOZ, REQUIEM. Emile Passani Chor. & Orch. Fournet. Columbia MM 769 (11)	An astonishing wide-range job, done apparently in midst of war in large Paris cathedral. Fine perspective effects, far and near. Impression of huge forces, cavernous echo, well conveyed, yet with minimum confusion.	Set aside plenty of time to get to know this—as I did (hence delay). A monumental, great work, with much that is long-drawn-out, ineffective, overdramatic—but numerous sections of surpassing beauty.

OFF THE LIMB

THE War of the Flying Discs is on—33 1/3 vs. 45—and already American ingenuity is turning out neat gadgets to cope with it. It is characteristic of us, I suppose, that we get ourselves onto a limb like this, two mutually exclusive phonograph-record systems, and then do a super Rube Goldberg to get off it! Though howls of anguish still reverberate, they can do no further good; both systems are with us for fair. And so turn on that Yankee ingenuity, and damn the torpedoes!

Let us hastily synopsize: The Victorgroove record (April) will be a seven-inch plastic with standard-record playing time, turning at the new speed of 45 rpm, faster than Columbia's LP, slower than standard; on it will appear all types of RCA Victor recordings, popular and classical, with miniature album sets. The RCA changer works rapidly, but with the usual musical breaks, as in standard records. Prices will be lower than standard (as with LP); the Victorgroove—thank heaven—is playable by Columbia-type microgroove *needles and arms*, given the right speed. (Two arms, not three will be needed.) A large center hole, over an inch, is a radical departure.

And now the gadgets, which already indicate that life may be simpler, if more ingenious, than we had imagined. It is reported that already two leading changer manufacturers have three-way changers coming with relatively simple adjustments to make for all three kinds of records. Changer operation from the center spindle (instead of the edge) same pickup will play both new types of record and some sort of gadget will account for the difference in center hole size. All this, plus a three-speed motor. Sounds impossible, but with reputable makers involved we can hope for a really practicable player, both separately and built into various brands of radio phonograph. Moreover, I have seen with my own eyes a conversion job that, in ten seconds, had a Columbia LP player giving forth from a Victorgroove record with nary so much as a blush! Required: a small brass ring and a plastic button. The ring slips over the motor's drive shaft (lift the turntable) to give the faster speed; the plastic insert, looking like an overcoat button with a hole in the middle, goes over the center spindle to fit the large hole in the Victor record. Conversion kits could sell for a few dimes, the only difference between one player and another being the size of the brass ring required. (Rim-drive motors only.)

But the pay-off in ingenuity is a Columbia-approved "parasite" LP player attachment about to appear. This amazing little gadget just sits on the top of almost any existing standard player, changer or otherwise, and, turned by it, gives you LP *or* standard speed. When the wide-range Astatic pickup (FCL-33) that comes with it is swung across the record the speed automatically changes to LP; swing the pickup out of the way and you have standard speed. Simple. Best of all, if you don't enjoy boring holes, this little LP arm (your regular arm will play the standard records) has a sticky bottom. Just set it down beside your turntable and it sticks itself firmly in place! Who'd a'thunk it. The parasite turntable takes only about four records' worth of height from your changer's capacity; if you need that, it can simply be lifted off—otherwise the whole attachment does not interfere in the least with normal operation of your player. The pickup cartridge used, already recommended by *SRL*, was developed in CBS laboratories to match the LP record's performance, with full tonal range.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE LORD'S OWN MOUNTAIN

(East Tennessee)

MARY and Lize in a rattle-trap Ford
Went up the mountain to meet the Lord.
The sun was bright as a silver dollar
As they banged their way through By Creek Holler.

Mary's eyes were filled with tears
For she had wanted to live her years.
Lize drove the car and she was brave.
She had no years she wanted to save.

The preacher had said the world would end
That very day, and the Lord would send
His angels after the good and pure.
The Devil would get the others sure.

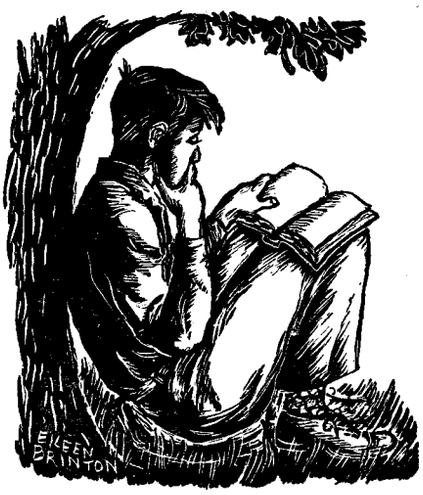
He talked of winds and storms and fires
Destroying all the thieves and liars
And sparing the saints in tribulation.
It was all there in Revelation.

O who are these all dressed in white
Coming from earth, from the dark night
Of pain and grief and sin and sorrow,
Dreaming their dreams of a bright tomorrow?

Glory! Glory! They're free at last.
Their sins forgiven, this life is passed.
There are no burdens for them to bear.
Rise. Rise. Mount the holy stair.

* * *

Mary saw the skies were blue.
The birds were singing sure and true.
There were no storms or meteoric showers,
Only a land of mountain flowers.



The laurel blossomed and red-bud flamed,
And no small flower was left unclaimed.
The wind sang low within the pines
As Mary hummed remembered lines.

Lize was sure and Lize was stern.
She wasn't ready yet to burn.
Righteous Christian, the twice-born Lize
Wouldn't believe her very eyes.

* * *

They sold their mules, their plows, and guns,
And left their fields to burn in the suns.
They left their homes with empty rooms,
Gave way their quilts and choice heirlooms.

Some of the folks were too wise to go.
Maybe he'd come, they didn't know.
But fifty in gowns of snow-white cotton
Left them forever, they said, forgotten.

Up to the mountain towering high,
Walking and riding the folks go by.
Elijah would come with his fiery steeds,
Amos crying the poor man's needs,

Hosea too with welcoming hands,
Daniel saying he understands;
Moses on Sinai, this is the mount,
Moses would start the eternal fount.

* * *

They waited all that afternoon
And late at night until the moon
Came up and cast an eerie glow
Over the chosen that wouldn't go.

Some went home, weary and tired,
Millennial zeal already expired.
They'd cheated God and kept their beds
And now went homeward shaking their heads.

Those without houses bowed and wept
And thought, at least, they might have kept
A bed and food. The night so chilly
Made them appear a little silly.

* * *

Mary and Lize in a rattle-trap Ford
Came down the mountain from meeting the Lord.
The night was cool. A whip-poor-will
Was calling sadly beneath the hill.

—RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

* * *

I am glad to print the following apropos of "The St. Nicholas Anthology" from Ward Greene, the author, of King Features:

> "The White Cave" was my favorite of all. It began, I believe, "It was as dark as a pocket, a man could not have seen his hand before his face," and Hugh and Ned were the heroes and the dingoes and the black-fellows the villains, not the bush-ranger. The author was W. O. Stoddard, who had some other honeys, notably "The Black Prince." In Mr. Commager's next should be "The Dozen from Lakerim" as well as "The Lakerim Athletic Club" or at least one tale of Tug, Bobbles, Pretty, Sleepy, Ready and Heady, B. J., Quiz, Sawed-Off, or one of those fellows. And what about "Master Skylark" by John Bennett? And I would like to see pages and pages of illustrations by W. A. Rogers and C. M. Relyea and Varian and Howard Pyle as well as Reginald Birch. And oh yes, I gotta have "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," with that genie who went in as Chris and knocked home run after home run. I have wanted my own genie ever since; Lord, what he could have done in my skin! Hell, what's the use! Too bad we can't live—and read—twice. P.S. If you haven't seen "Boys Will Be Boys," history of England's penny dreadfuls (recently published there), you should get it!

* * *

PORTERHOUSE, PLEASE

If I should see a purple cow
I'd much resent her hue, and how!—
Such being for the customer
When he is told the price of her.

—CAROLYN ELLIS.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 776

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

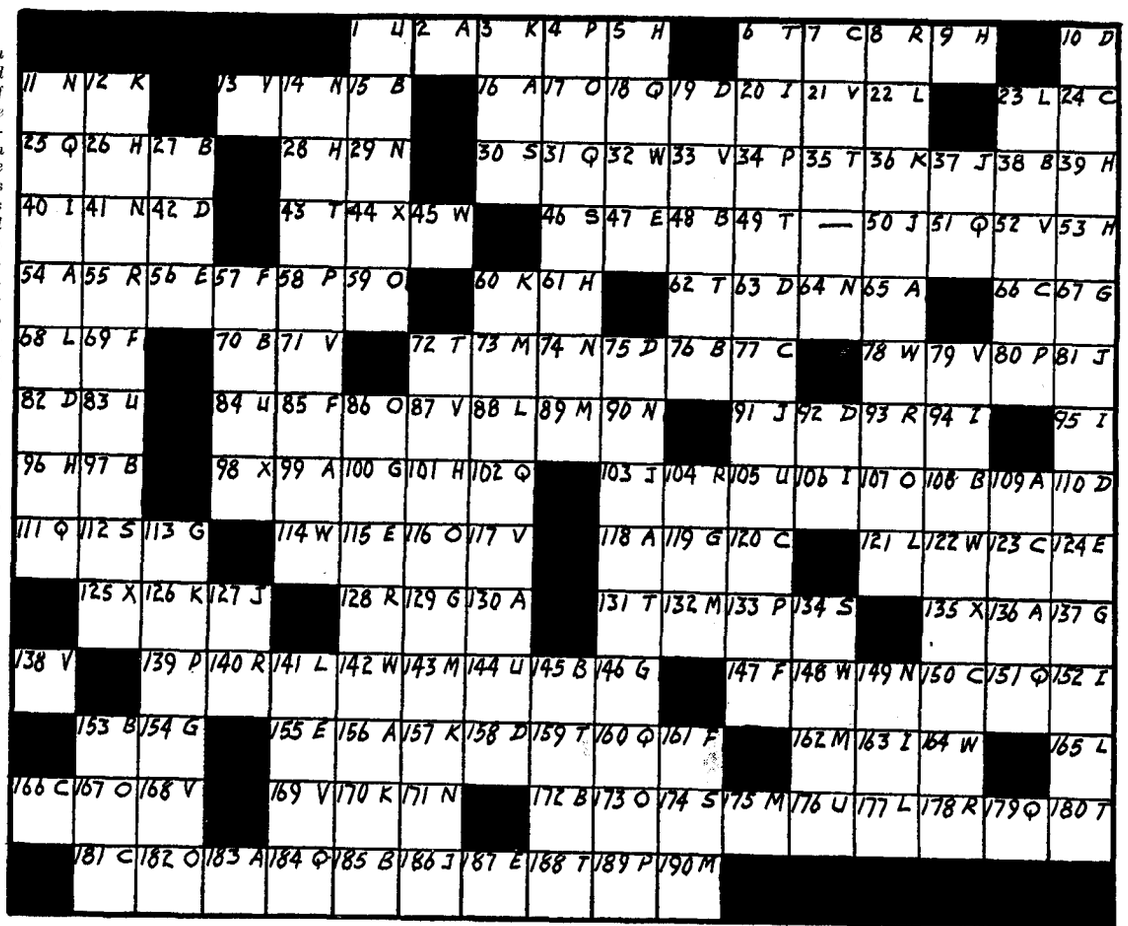
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Attribute in title of play by Goldsmith, typified by Honeywood (comp.).	16 156 136 2 118 109 183 99 65 54 130
B. To exist at ease or in abundance (3 wds.).	48 153 185 15 38 108 172 76 70 145 97 27
C. Character in "Tom Jones" whose original was the "Man of Bath."	181 24 150 66 123 166 120 7 77
D. Agrarian group of Irish peasants, 1761, formed to redress grievances vs. their landlords.	19 92 75 110 82 158 63 10 42
E. Slaves (Old Eng. hist.).	187 155 47 115 124 56
F. A group in "Grapes of Wrath" dependent on the soil for their livings.	147 69 57 85 161
G. An unknowable object whose existence is theoretically problematic; esp. God, soul, etc.	113 119 137 100 146 129 67 154
H. A sinapism (med.).	101 9 5 53 28 96 26 61 39
I. Musical instrument, a tune, a mode, etc., in title of three Psalms (Bib.).	106 40 152 94 20 95 163
J. Puts down in writing.	186 37 127 103 91 50 81
K. Praesepe.	170 36 157 60 126 12 3
L. Applied to a style of architecture, esp. 1714-60.	22 141 23 68 121 88 165 177
M. Bohemian violinist and composer, founder of the so-called Mannheim school (1717-57).	190 143 73 175 132 162 89
N. Rain gauges (meteorol.).	64 171 11 74 41 149 90 14 29
O. Oratorio by Haydn, 1798 (with "The").	182 17 116 86 167 107 173 59
P. Intimate companions.	139 34 58 133 4 189 80
Q. Progress.	151 51 31 160 25 184 179 111 18 102
R. Capital of kingdom of Israel (Bib.).	55 93 104 128 140 178 8
S. An O. T. godless city (Bib.).	46 30 134 112 174
T. Share and share alike (comp.; slang).	72 188 49 35 180 43 159 131 6 62
U. Muse of astronomy (Gr. myth.).	176 84 1 83 144 105
V. Legendary Etruscan king who made war on Rome (Macaulay).	87 13 71 168 52 33 138 117 79 21 169
W. Beat or flogged.	78 142 122 45 148 32 164 114
X. A cry to attract attention (comp.).	135 125 98 44

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the columns headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the columns headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



FEBRUARY 5, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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